Together

Special Issue
Pre-Publication

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families — October 1956

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Together

Established in 1826 as CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

OCTOBER 1956 ***Vol. 1, No. 1***

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Watercolor by Fred Malloy

ABOUT OUR COVER: No, he's not Lassie. He's a grandson of the famous movie collie and his name is Laddie. Those twins are Lindy and Sandy Block of Los Angeles, but which is which may even puzzle their mother. Anyway, the girls and the dog are very much together—which as you have guessed is one reason we selected this photo for our first cover. It was snapped by John Randolph.

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TOGETHER • OCTOBER 1956

San Francisco Area NEWS of Your Church in Action

Bishop Donald H. Tippett
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

California–Nevada
Pacific
Japanese

Editor: Winston H. Taylor
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

No. 1

Methodist Men Plan November Convocation

Participating in the Sept. 16 dedication of a new girls' residence and a utility building at Fred Finch Children's Home, Oakland, were (l. to r.): Dean Lloyd Bertholf, conference lay leader; Bishop Tippett; Rev. H. R. Barnes, home director; H. Z. Jones, board president.

Methodist Men will feature this year's conference theme, "The Moral and Ethical Witness of The Methodist Church," at their 1956 convocation Nov. 2-4 at Mount Hermon, Calif.

Principal speakers will be J. P. Stafford, Mississippi Conference lay leader and general chairman of the 1957 National Conference of Methodist Men, at 7:30 p.m. Friday, and Bishop Tippett at 11 a.m. Sunday.

Others who will speak and lead rotating seminars are Francis N. Laird of Los Banos, "On the Job Witness"; Jim McGiffin of Los Altos, who does Christian education work for the Board of Missions, on "Witness on the Outpost"; Rev. Gene W. Carter, Metropolitan district superintendent, on "Personal Witness." Mr. Stafford will lead a seminar for the laymen attending on "Witness Through Methodist Men."

Dr. Lloyd M. Bertholf, conference lay leader, will be in general charge. The program was arranged by Hansel Harter of Redwood City, San Jose district lay leader. Reservations are to be made with H. Price Webb, 81 N. Seventh Street, San Jose.

DEATHS

Area Loses Three

Death came during September to a pastor, a retired deaconess and an active layman of San Francisco Area.

Rev. Susumu Kuwano, pastor of the Japanese Church at Loomis, Calif., since 1952, died Sept. 11 after a heart attack. He was born in Japan in 1898.

Deaconess Kathleen Weybrew, who retired in 1931 and was residing in San Jose, died Sept. 17. She was born in England in 1873, graduated from the former training school in San Francisco in 1906 and had served appointments at Dixon; the old Howard Street Church in San Francisco; Travelers' Aid in San Francisco; First Church, Oakland; Petaluma; Grace Church, San Francisco; and First Church, San Jose.

A retired vice-president of the University of California, **Dr. Baldwin M. Woods,** died Sept. 7 at his Berkeley home. He was president of Oakland Methodist Foundation, an active member of First Church, Oakland, and was the speaker at the 1955 orientation banquet for new conference ministers.

WSCS

Feature Election Issues

Reports on election issues and on the Russian people are to be included in the California-Nevada WSCS fall meeting Oct. 19 at First Church, Modesto.

Mrs. James Catterall of North Sacramento will be in charge of a panel discussing the propositions on California's ballot Nov. 6.

Dr. Malcolm Eiselen, chairman of the department of history and social science at College of the Pacific, will speak on "Russians Are People, Too." He was in Russia this summer on a study tour.

Principal speaker will be Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke of Pittsburgh. A talk by Miss Rose Waldron, missionary from this conference to Japan, now on furlough, is also scheduled on the program, set for 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

CONFERENCE COUNCIL

Plan for 1956-60

Plans for the work of the church in California-Nevada Conference were made Sept. 14-15 at Sacramento.

The conference Council of Administrators, along with other leaders, held its fall planning session. Along with making plans and co-ordinating schedules for the remainder of this year and the coming year, they talked of church work for the 1956-60 quadrennium.

"The Redeeming Power of God in the Local Church" was considered as the conference theme for 1957-58. The new quadrennial Commission on the Local Church was asked to do further planning on the theme.

Bishop Tippett announced members of the commissions on the two quadrennial emphases. Those working on the local church emphasis include Rev. Eugene Alexander of Corcoran; Rev. Howard Daulton of First Church, Yuba City; Rev. Donald Zerbe of First Church, Vallejo; Rev. Paul Irwin of Concord; Rev. Joseph Pritchard of Fallon; Rev.

Six years less a day after the first unit was consecrated, Hillsdale Church, San Mateo, consecrated this third unit, the sanctuary, at a cost of $204,000. The memorial mosaic in the front contains 63,000 pieces of imported glass. The sanctuary will seat 500.

Henry Ball of Brentwood; Rev. Paul Nelson of Santa Clara; Bishop Tippett; the seven district superintendents; conference WSCS president; conference lay leader and chairman of the conference boards represented in the program.

The Commission on Higher Education comprises Bishop Tippett; Rev. Kenneth W. Adams of First Church, Fresno; Rev. R. Marvin Stuart of First Church, Palo Alto; O. D. Jacoby of Shattuck Avenue Church, Oakland, banker; Curtis Tarr of Chico, Shasta District lay leader, machinery dealer; Rev. Joseph Pritchard of Fallon; George H. Atkinson of Burlingame, contractor; Frank Richardson, First Church, Sacramento, attorney; Rev. D. Clifford Crummey, Grace Church, Stockton; Rev. Robert N. Boswell, executive secretary, conference Board of Education.

Mrs. Lester Reukema, Trinity Church, Berkeley; Rev. Robert Rankin, college teacher, Chico; G. Clifford Pettygrove, Epworth Church, Berkeley, insurance executive; Rev. Carl Stocking, Fresno District superintendent; Eugene Brewer, First Church, Redding, plywood factory manager; Gwendolyn Hatcher, Visalia, college teacher; Faye W. Batten, Dos Palos, rancher; Mrs. James P. Howell, Hamilton Church, San Francisco, conference WSCS president; Dr. McKee Fisk, First Church, Fresno, college teacher; Dean Lloyd M. Bertholf, Grace Church, Stockton, conference lay leader and College of the Pacific dean; John D. Crummey, First Church, San Jose, industrialist; Carl Rexroth, First Church, Bakersfield, contractor; Dr. Clare N. Pettit, Parlier, district judge and Fresno District lay leader; Otto Zentner, Los Banos, farm machinery dealer and Central District lay leader; Henry Garrett, First Church, Santa Cruz, lumberman; Fred L. Farley, Wayfarer Church, Carmel, retired COP professor; Mariam Burdo, Sebastopol, agriculturalist.

The higher education advisory committee will include President Robert E. Burns of COP; the conference youth and student director, Robert J. Cary, and the directors of student work at five colleges, Rev. Carroll Moon, Rev. Donald Bishop, Rev. Robert Hawthorne, Rev. Richard Ingraham and Rev. Richard Whitmore.

In addition to Bishop Tippett as chairman and Dean Bertholf as vice-chairman, the council elected Rev. Gene W. Carter as secretary and Winston H. Taylor as calendar secretary.

CENTENNIAL

Honor North San Juan

North San Juan, one of three conference churches built 100 years ago which still stands, celebrated its centennial Sept. 2-3 with a service and program.

The one-room structure, little changed from its origin in Gold Rush days, is northeast of Marysville. Charlotte Hickman is pastor.

The program included a Sunday evening service when Rev. W. H. Gould, Shasta District superintendent, preached, and an old-fashioned Methodist class meeting led by Rev. L. L. Loofbourow of Richmond, minister and historian. There were also a picnic and a period of recollections led by Rev. John Winkley, former Nevada City pastor and historian.

Celebraters formed a caravan over part of the old North San Juan circuit, which, years ago in the 1880s, included 12 preaching points.

BUILDING

Develop Memorial Garden

• A "Memorial Garden of Sacred Memories" has been developed by **First Church, Bakersfield,** on newly acquired property next to the church. The $25,000 project includes a garden, small parking area and volleyball court. It fits in with the 20-year-old "Little Chapel of Sacred Memories." Chairman of the committee was James M. Mull of the board of trustees.

• Educational space at **Laurel Church, Oakland,** is about doubled with the new fellowship and education unit which was occupied in August and was consecrated Sept. 28 by Bishop Tippett. The $130,000, two-story frame structure includes a fellowship hall seating 450, six large classrooms, office and kitchen. To permit further expansion of the plant started in 1940, Laurel has purchased land for a new sanctuary.

• On Oct. 28 Bishop Tippett will consecrate the first unit of the relocated **Roselawn Church, San Jose.** After selling an outgrown building and meeting in rented quarters for 10 months, the congregation held its first services in the new building Sept. 2. The unit, including fellowship hall, kitchen, parlor and rest rooms, is on a new three-acre site in West San Jose. Pastor is Rev. Braxton L. Combs, recently transferred from Oklahoma Conference.

MEETINGS

Plan Fall Series

Meetings for the inspiration and instruction of all ages in California-Nevada local churches are coming in series this fall.

First were the youth rallies in 15 communities, featuring Rev. Jameson Jones of

Fifty years after his first sermon, Rev. Mahlon B. Young (at right) returns to Fortuna Church for anniversary sermon. Rev. F. F. Magnuson, pastor, greets him.

Nashville, Tenn., former president of the National Conference of Methodist Youth. His subject was "Drinking and Christian Living."

Five of the 17 Christian Adventure Days scheduled for intermediate youths have been held. Remaining days are Oct. 20 at Grace Church, Stockton; Reedley; Wasco; St. Paul's Church, Fresno; Trinity Church, San Francisco; Napa; Millbrae; First Church, Santa Cruz; Campbell; Colusa; Chico; and Mount Shasta.

Due this week, to launch this year's emphasis on "The Moral and Ethical Witness of The Methodist Church," are four convocations, with Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke of the Pittsburgh Area as principal speaker. Bishop Tippett is host. Additional leaders will be Rev. Charles F. Boss Jr., Board of World Peace, Rev. Caradine Hooton, Board of Temperance and Rev. A. Dudley Ward, Board of Social and Economic Relations.

Sessions for local church workers in the social action fields are scheduled for Oct. 16 at Glide Church, San Francisco; First Church, Fresno, Oct. 17; First Church, Sacramento, Oct. 18; and First Church, Reno, Oct. 19. Meetings begin at 2 p.m.

Already under way is a series of 24 subdistrict training conferences for membership and evangelism commissions, sponsored by the conference board. These were launched Sept. 21 at Trinity Church, Bakersfield with nine churches represented.

Those scheduled for the near future are Carson City, Oct. 15; Oakdale, Oct. 21; Merced, Nov. 6; Salinas, Nov. 8; Santa Clara, Nov. 9; Yuba City, Nov. 18; Yreka, Nov. 19; Red Bluff, Nov. 20.

Thirteen district missionary institutes will be held in November. These are for education of local missions commissions, as well as inspiration, so are open to all interested.

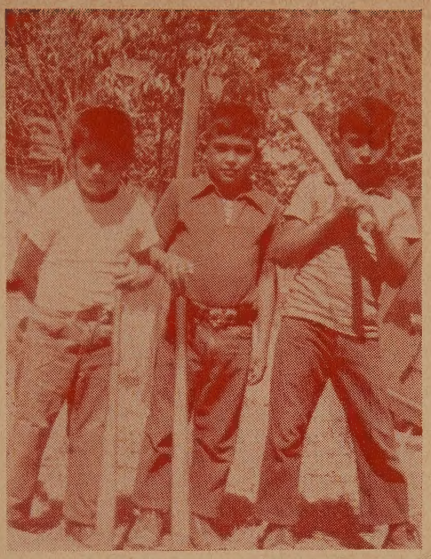
The schedule set by district missionary secretaries includes Nov. 5 at Fallon; Nov. 6 at Rio Linda; Nov. 7 at Oroville; Nov. 8 at Willows; Nov. 9 at Eureka; Nov. 11 at Sonoma; Nov. 12 at Glide Church, San Francisco; Nov. 13 at Richmond; Nov. 14 in San Jose District; Nov. 15 at Salinas; Nov. 16 at Modesto; Nov. 18 at Delano; Nev. 19 at Kingsburg. Meetings are set for 4 p.m.

TOGETHER

All-Family List Grows

The list of churches in the San Francisco Area that have accepted the All-Family Plan for TOGETHER continues to expand.

Added to those listed in the September Supplement are Alpaugh; First Church, Bakersfield; Carson Valley Parish; Dinuba; Fall River Mills Parish; Kerman; Kingsburg; Porterville; Red Bluff; First Church, San Francisco; First Church, San Jose; Grace Church, Stockton; Taft; and Wasco.



Indian children offer a real challenge.

INDIAN MISSION

Young People Help Out

Round Valley Indian Mission had its first daily vacation church school this summer. Five young people from First Church, Burlingame, had an "experience not soon to be forgotten."

This was just part of the Burlingame Church's long interest in the mission, according to Mrs. E. B. DeFord. Mr. and Mrs. DeFord carry on the Methodist work at Covelo, in the mountains 25 miles north of Willitts, Calif.

The idea for the summer project came from the church's commission on missions. The chance for missionary service appealed to Mary Ella Rose, Joan Forst, Jane Nettle and Mike Johnson of Wesley Fellowship (college age) and Betty Faye Moore of the Asbury Fellowship (high school).

They were trained in a laboratory school of Peninsula Council of Churches, and materials for Round Valley were supplied by the Burlingame church school.

From July 16 to 25 they were instructors, social workers and companions for Indian children from 3 to 14 years of age. They held preschool, primary, junior and intermediate classes for them.

The report of Betty Faye Moore tells the story, and why the young people want to do it again:

"We spent one and one-half weeks in the little valley, nine miles long and five miles wide, consisting of 400 Indians and 1,200 whites. Eight tribes are represented by the Indian folk.

"We lived at the mission maintained by Mr. and Mrs. DeFord. The mission has within its grounds a house, a church, 2 goats, 94 hogs, 13 cats, 6 cows, 3 calves (one of them born while we were there and named Mike Jr.), several chickens and 500 bats (from the church belfry).

"The men work in the lumber mills, and the women and children maintain the farms, if the family owns one.

"In the morning we held our vacation church school on lawns and under trees surrounding the home and church. Our afternoons and evenings were our own.

"An average of 40 children attended the school each day, ranging in age from 3 years old to 14. A few came by public transportation, but most of them were brought in by Joanie, in a pick-up truck, or by Mike, in the mission station wagon.

"We had many unusual experiences, but two stand out most in my mind. Our first afternoon there we, with 'Mama' DeFord as a guide, went out to the homes to give a personal invitation to the children to attend our school. I have never seen such poverty and filth in my life. The 'homes' were mere shacks and lean-tos; doors, roofs and windows askew; rags for curtains, if any. Babies lay squalling in the dirt. It was an experience which indeed touched each of us.

"We were well received, but never invited inside.

"Another experience is an Indian funeral which we were asked by the Indian family concerned to attend. It was held in the church and at the cemetery on a hot, windless afternoon.

"We girls were very surprised and pleased to be asked to participate. This is unusual and shows that we were trusted by these people, even before we had begun our work. They realized that we were there to help and not to antagonize them.

"I played the organ while the mourners filed silently into the church. We girls sang two hymns, favorites of the deceased woman—98 years old.

"The ceremony was simple and broken only occasionally by the high-pitched wailing of the mourners. At the cemetery, an Indian ritual was followed. It is a great honor to be asked to attend this ritual. Here, also, the wailing was continued, but it was accompanied by a chant. Two men danced and trampled the dirt as it was thrown into the grave. This took two hours.

"While in the valley we made many friendships—four of which we hope to develop more fully. They are with the DeFords, a 12-year-old Indian girl living with the DeFords and a 17-year-old Indian girl who feels no use for herself in the valley.

"We ran up against segregation and an absence of moral standards among many, both whites and Indians.

"Our one and one-half weeks there were nowhere near long enough, but we hope that we have left something behind. Someday we hope to return and see."

YOUTH

Set Fund Rededication

On Oct. 28 California-Nevada Conference youth groups will rededicate their annual program of giving to the Methodist Youth Fund.

George Carter of Temple Church, San Francisco, chairman of the conference MYFund commission, said, "Methodist Youth Fellowship and Wesley Fellowship

groups would participate." He added that offerings from this month's Christian Adventure Days go into the fund.

• This year's conference youth presidents' party is slated for Nov. 23 at 7 p.m. in Richmond Auditorium. It will honor Conference leaders of the MYF and Wesley Fellowship.

Speaker will be Rev. C. Douglas Hayward of Hillsdale Church, San Mateo, on the party theme of "Brotherhood."

EVANGELISM SCHOOL

Baldwin Joins Staff

Rev. Donald H. Baldwin, new executive secretary for the conference Board of Evangelism, has been added to the staff for the fourth annual Glide Evangelistic Training School. The program, sponsored by the Glide Foundation, is scheduled Oct. 30 to Nov. 1 at Glide Memorial Church, San Francisco.

Bishop Tippett will speak at the three 7:30 p. m. services in the sanctuary. The services are open to the public.

Mr. Baldwin will lead daily sessions from 9 to 10 a. m.

Again this year Prof. Russell Dicks of Duke University will lead discussions on counseling in hospitals and with the sick. His sessions are at 10:15 a.m. and 2 p. m.

TELEVISION

Re-elect Bishop Tippett

Bishop Tippett again has been elected president of the church's Television, Radio and Film Commission, which he has headed since its inception in 1948.

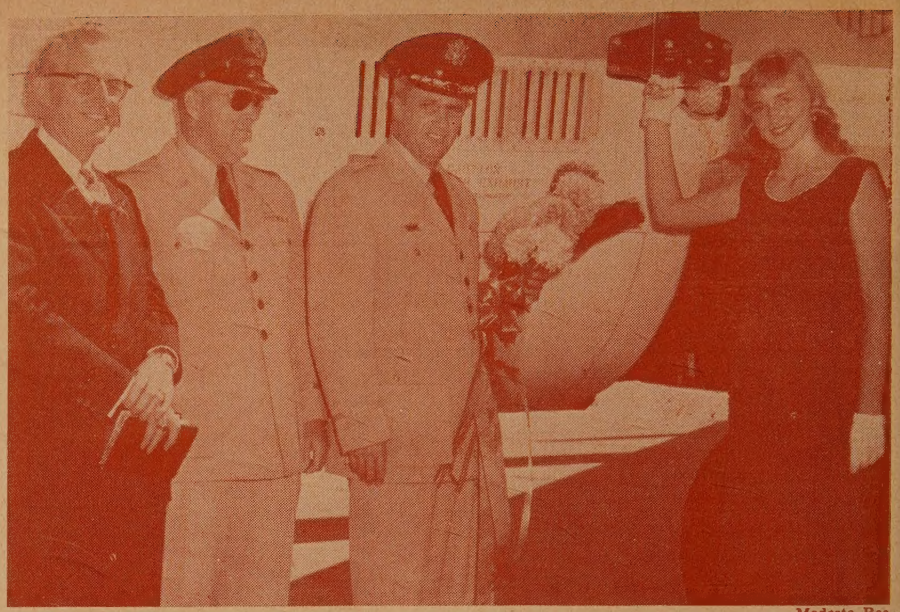
He and Rev. Cecil Wilkins, Turlock, participated in the Oct. 9-11 gathering of conference leaders in the field, at Nashville. Mr. Wilkins is the new chairman of the conference Television, Radio and Film Committee.

• Newest television production from Northern California-Nevada Council of Churches is *Let's Find Out,* a religious education series. The half-hour program began Sept. 30 on KRON-TV, Channel 4, San Francisco, and is at 12:30 p. m. each Sunday.

RIDING THE CIRCUIT

New deaconesses in California-Nevada Conference this year include Mary Lou Huck from New York, assigned to San Bruno Community Methodist Church, and Nelle Wright from Tennessee, assigned to Turlock Church. Both are directors of Christian education.

Named apprentice of the year by the National Association of Manufacturers and California Metal Trades Association was Robert Reedy of First Church, Modesto. Mr. Reedy, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Reedy of Modesto, is employed in San Francisco.



Modesto Bee

With bottle of water, "Miss Turlock," Sadena Hardesty of Turlock MYF, christens B-25 jet bomber "City of Turlock" at Castle Air Force Base. With her are (l. to r.) Mayor Enoch Christopherson; Chaplain V. H. Warner, Base Commander W. E. Eubank.

California Independent Colleges Foundation has elected Dr. Robert E. Burns, president of College of the Pacific, as its new president. COP is one of eight northern California schools in the unit.

The California-Nevada Conference delegation to the World Methodist Conference at Lake Junaluska in September included Rev. R. Marvin Stuart of First Church, Palo Alto.

This year's chairman of the conference Town and Country Work Commission is Rev. Oscar Link of First Church, Eureka, rather than I. W. Swagerty, as inadvertently reported earlier.

Conference apportionment payments through Aug. 31 were well ahead of last year's payments at the same time, in both dollars and percentages, according to Treasurer Frank Webber. Collections of $67,400 compared to $55,700 a year ago and were 68 per cent of the amount due, compared to 62 per cent in 1955. Collections on recommended projects and Advance specials also were higher.

The mother of Mrs. Richard Szeto of Glide Church, San Francisco, died on Aug. 27. She was Mrs. Pah Lien Lea, 77, who was leader of a prayer group which included Madame Chiang Kai-shek, and who aided in building several Methodist churches on Formosa.

Newell B. Strayer, son of Rev. and Mrs. James H. Strayer of Calvary Church, San Jose, was married Sept. 8 to Miss Audrey Mae Joseph.

New church staff members this fall include Stuart Shaw as minister of youth at San Bruno and Miss Pat Vought as director of Christian education at Park Presidio United Church, San Francisco. Both are students at Pacific School of Religion.

A gift volume entitled *Family Prayers for Mealtime Grace* has been prepared by Rev. O. Wesley Janzen of Willow Glen Church, San Jose, and published at Grass Valley.

God and Country awards went to Boy Scouts Richard Bagley and Steven Snyder of Walnut Creek Church on Sept. 23.

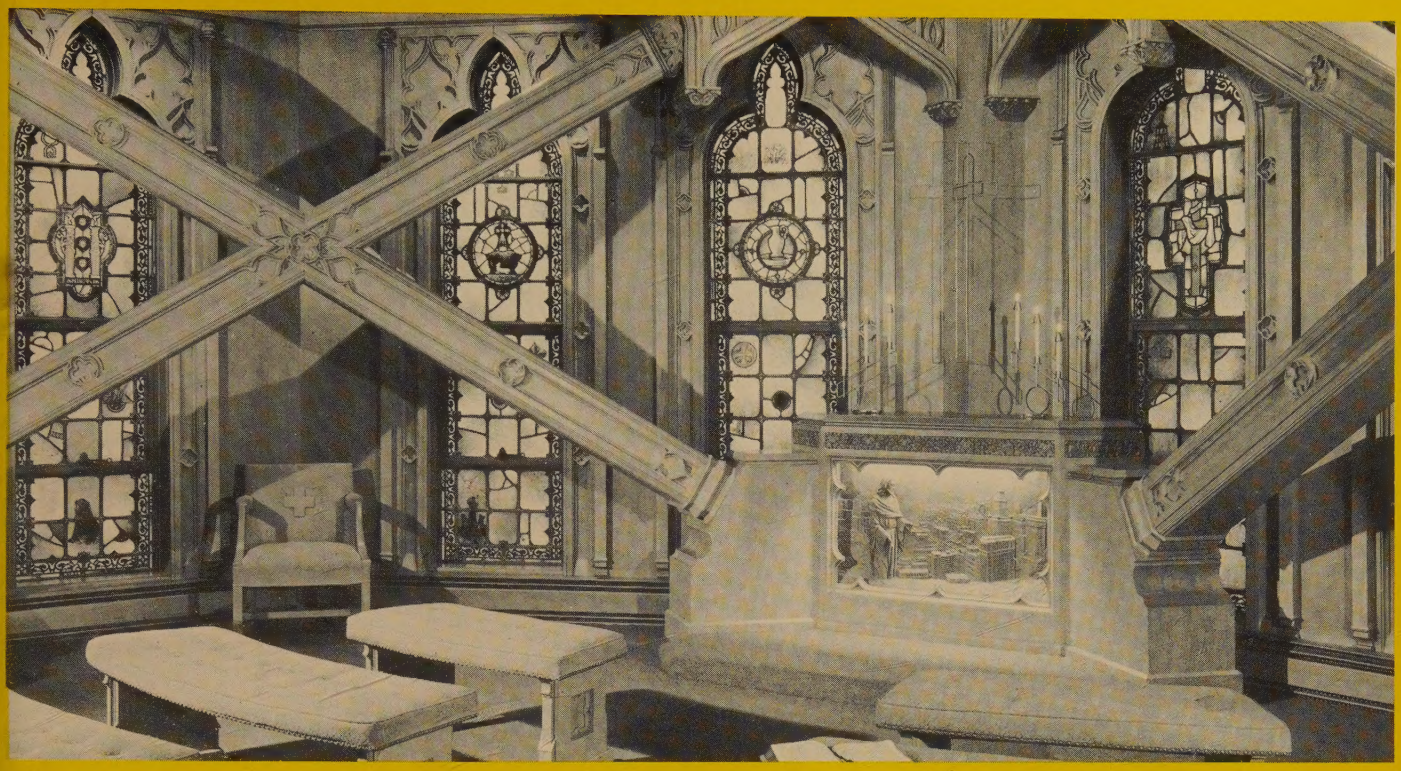
Newest parsonage arrivals are Margaret Alicia, born Sept. 10 to Rev. and Mrs. Glenn Fuller of Greenfield, and Mark Steven, born Sept. 13 to Rev. and Mrs. R. F. Winkelman of Millbrae. A daughter, Debora Lucille, was born Sept. 10 to Dr. and Mrs. Tom Larwood of First Church, Fresno, who were missionaries to Korea until Dr. Larwood was stricken by polio.

A $500 scholarship in recognition of "outstanding qualities of leadership and promise of unusual competence in the pastoral ministry" has been awarded John M. Foster of Albany, second-year student at Boston University School of Theology. A former conference Wesley Fellowship president, Mr. Foster was one of 20 seminarians selected for the award.

'TOGETHER' SUPPLEMENT

This is your first Area News Supplement in the new Methodist family magazine, TOGETHER.

Look for these pages every month in TOGETHER for news of what your Methodist neighbors are doing and information about the work of the church in the San Francisco Area.



CHAPEL IN THE SKY: Take the elevator up to the 22nd floor, climb 32 steps and you're there—in one of Methodism's best-known shrines. Chicago was a muddy village in 1839 when the First Methodist Church began at the corner of Clark and Washington streets. Now it's in the heart of the busy Loop—a bulky business building with a sanctuary and, in the cross-tipped tower (left), the Chapel in the Sky (above). Thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Myrtle Walgreen, a First Church member, ugly steel girders are encased in oak and stained glass is in the windows. The pastor of First Church—now known as the Chicago Temple—is Charles Ray Goff, of whom an odd tale is told on page 43.

Well, here we are . . We do hope you like this "pilot" issue. It is an attempt to give you a preview of what this magazine will be when it becomes a regular visitor in your home, starting in October. . . . We can assure you it will offer a refreshing variety of articles and illustrations. These two pages, for example, will carry pictures in color—and they will be themed to topics of family interest. We would call special attention to opportunities for readers to contribute items and articles drawn from experience.

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UBLISHING AGENTS: *Lovick Pierce* • *J. Edgar Washabaugh*

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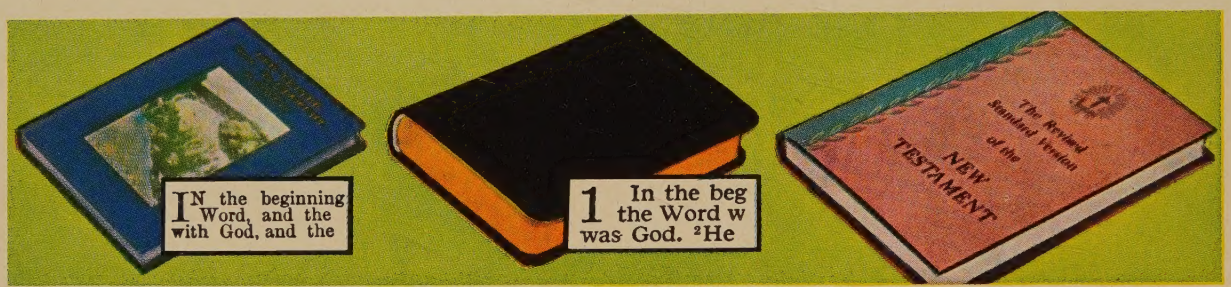

CHILDREN'S RED-LETTER TESTAMENT. (Illustated above.) This beautiful testament is vest-pocket size: 3⅜x4½ inches, ⅜ inches thick. Both the cloth binding and the page edges are blue and the cover is stamped in gold and mounted with a picture. Christ's words are printed in red in this King James Version. Its craftsmanship makes this testament a special gift for children.
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HEAD OF CHRIST TESTAMENT. (Illustrated at right.) This beautiful testament in the King James Version features on the ivory-colored plastic front panel Sallman's "Head of Christ." The spine and back cover are of brown leatheroid and the pages are edged in gold. Printed in black-face, self-pronouncing type, this gift testament is complete with presentation page. It's a testament every child will treasure. Page size: 2⅝x4¼ inches —only ½ inch thick!
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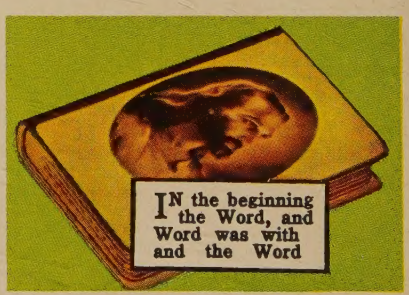

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Since 1789

Letters

Many ideas from many people have been processed in preparing this first issue of Together. *Excerpts from some of the letters we've received are here presented as a starter-offer for this department.*—Eds.

rom Methodism's Largest

Marshall Steel, Pastor
Highland Park Methodist Church
Dallas, Texas

Methodism has long needed a maga-ne of special appeal to families—a iblication put up as attractively as her magazines that come to our mes. Now that I have seen the paste-dummy of Together, I believe this it.

Our church in Dallas is for it 100 r cent. We are putting in our budget bscriptions for every family repre-nted on our membership. It will cost about $7,000 a year but we are con-nced that it is good stewardship.

Thank you, Dr. Steel! The endorse-ent of Together *by your church is pecially gratifying for with more than 250 members it is the largest in ethodism.*—Eds.

earing Aids AND Bikes!

Allen G. Wilson
Lawyer
Hot Springs, South Dakota

I am not a journalist but I am inter-ted in religious magazines. Thinking the new one for our Methodist fami-s, I am reminded of a comment I ice heard that one often sees hearing ds advertised in religious publications it bikes never.

It should be possible for a church-onsored magazine to be interesting to ungsters as well as the older folks. I pe that's what Together will be!

rs. Rall and Smith Are With Us

E. W. J. Schmitt, Pastor
Montclair Methodist Church
Oakland, California

It is good to know that we Metho-sts are rethinking our publication ogram. We pastors do need a profes-nal journal and certainly a family-anted magazine can do much to epen an awareness of the unity in the iversity among the people called ethodists.

Two departments in the Advocate that seem to me to have been especially helpful to members of my flock are "Dr. Rall Answers" and Dr. Roy L. Smith's "Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency." Is it possible to continue them in the new family magazine?

Yes. Both Dr. Rall and Dr. Smith will serve as contributing editors of Together *and their columns will be regular monthly features.*—Eds.

Wanted: Many Pictures in Color!

Arthur S. Mann
Industrial Engineer
Tucson, Arizona

We in Arizona are pow'fully proud of our state magazine, *Arizona Highways*. Its pictures of the Grand Canyon and other sights of the Southwest are beautifully reproduced in color by the offset process. Such printing costs money, I know, but it would be *wonderful* if our new Methodist family magazine could have lots of pictures with some in color.

We think so too—and "lots of pictures" are in our planning. In fact, this month's color section was printed in offset by the W. A. Krueger Co., of Milwaukee, the same firm that does those gorgeous color reproductions for Arizona Highways.—Eds.

The Goal is One Million.

W. A. Bailey
Newspaper and Magazine Publisher
Kansas City, Kansas

It has been my privilege to be a member of the Board of Publication many years, and to sit in on numerous discussions as we have wrestled with the Bishops' challenge for the "bold venture" in religious journalism. Sometimes I almost despaired that our dream was possible. But that was before Together was proposed.

It is conceived in the spirit of advancing the "kingdom on earth" and is executed with a professional skill that

It started out to be such a perfect morning

Perfect sunshine. Perfect breakfast. And a perfect family too, I thought, proud of the happy, healthy faces around me.

And then through the window we heard the new bells begin to play. "Beautiful!" I was about to say—when something in the splendid music stopped me.

"Where does this perfect morning come from?" the ringing voice demanded.

The answer surged over me, made me eager to be on my way. Yes, I was too early for church—but this sudden humble prayer inside me could not wait!

This is the inspiration of the bells. As their voices reach out and find forgetful hearts—a message floods the soul and lingers there.

Now your church can have the great music of bells

Now, for your church the comfort, reverence, beauty of true bell music, with a Stromberg-Carlson electronic carillon. It reproduces, from a small wall cabinet, the magnificent tones of tons of cast bells. Yet, no heavy tower, no traditional expense. Plays from simple keyboard, or automatically. Write for 12-page brochure, describing Stromberg-Carlson carillons and bell systems designed for a church like yours.

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Share the Insight of Inspired Men...

The Young Church in Action

By J. B. Phillips. This famous author has again provided a best seller in this translation of the Acts of the Apostles. This translation is completely faithful to Luke's style and meaning, and the use of idiomatic English of today gives the immortal passages a new forcefulness and relevance. A further aid is the inclusion of important maps. (MC) ..... postpaid, **$2.50**

The Shepherd

By Julien C. Hyer. 280 crisp 10 line poems chosen from this well-known writer's syndicated newspaper feature, "The Shepherd." Each verse develops a Bible phrase in "grass roots" interpretation of basic human urges and aspirations. Attractive bright red jacket frames the beautiful four-color illustration of Christ and the sheep. (CP) ..... postpaid, **$2.25**

Inspiring Messages for Daily Living

By Norman Vincent Peale. Here are the realistic, practical answers to the hundreds of problems you face from day to day, year in and year out. Dr. Peale passes on to you the methods for solving problems that arise in your family relationships, in your job, in business, your own personal difficulties. (PH) ..... postpaid, **$2.95**

Mastery

By E. Stanley Jones. 364 stirring inspirational readings. Dr. Jones shows how we today can achieve the same mastery of life that the first followers of Christ knew. Here is biblical, practical help that proves to us we can master life. A book of overcoming life's tensions, to help you become the finer person you were meant to be. (AP) ..... postpaid, **$1.75**

The Heart of Peter Marshall's Faith

By Peter Marshall. Here are two of the most inspirational messages taken from MR. JONES, MEET THE MASTER. The two sermons, "Keepers of the Springs" and "The Grave in the Garden" contain the keystone of Dr. Marshall's faith and preaching ministry. (RV) ..... postpaid, **$1.00**

Behold the Glory

By Chad Walsh. A skilled and knowing writer takes the questing reader on a voyage of discovery as preparation for Easter in this new kind of Lenten book that is highly personal—but it is an old tradition in that it arrives at an exalted and deeply satisfying vision of Christ as the source and end of religious values. (HA) ..... postpaid, **$2.00**

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LETTERS (continued)

any magazine publisher could envy.

If Methodists get behind this project we'll meet the goal our Bishops set for one-million subscribers for the first issue.

Sorry, Mrs. Edwards

Mrs. Janet Edwards
Housewife
Warrenville, Illinois

In your thinking about the new magazine for our Methodist families have you thought about including a department for us homemakers? What I mean especially is a section where we who cook for husbands and children can get new recipes. Perhaps you think it would be a waste of space, but I can assure you women are always on the lookout for new ideas of this sort.

Sorry, Mrs. Edwards. We've considered recipes—but, frankly, there already are so many demands on space in Together *we've decided to omit them. One reason is that so many other magazines are available which do the job better than we could.*—Eds.

Preacher Magazine Fills Bill

P. M. Boyd
District Superintendent
Miami, Florida

Having recently seen "dummies" both for Together, the new family magazine, and The New Christian Advocate, for pastors, I realize afresh the wisdom of the recommendation made at the General Conference in 1952 by the Survey Commission for separate magazines.

Personally, I am especially happy about the periodical planned for the clergy of our church. It should help each of us to do our tasks better. It fills our bill.

News Supplements To Continue

Milo Farmer
Public Relations Director
Columbus, Ohio

I am delighted to know of the decision to include in the new magazine Together, the regional supplements which have been a part of the Advocate. While all of us are interested in national and world news of the Christian church, I am confident that only the supplement can keep our people informed of local, conference and area news.

Four-page news supplements will be supplied to each of Methodism's 37 episcopal areas upon request. Four or more additional pages are available at cost.—Eds.

Together / NEWSLETTER

UNION HITS AIRBORNE BARS

Speaking before a convention of the Federated Union of Airline Stewardesses, Miss E. C. Smith, national

NORTH AFRICAN METHODISTS SAFE

As riots swept French North Africa last month, word was received from Tunisia that an estimated

571 AT TEXAS MEN'S RETREAT

A record throng met outside Galveston during the week before Easter, to discuss the significance of

MERGER ADVANCES

The long-discussed merger between congregations

For more church news see page 70.

PROSPECTUS.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,

PUBLISHED BY

N. BANGS, & J. EMORY,

FOR THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

B. BADGER, (*late Editor of Zion's Herald,*) EDITOR.

THIS will be a general Religious Newspaper, published weekly, on good paper, of imperial size, and well printed. It will be conducted on liberal Christian principles, and is designed to be an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visiter;—devoted to the interests of religion, morality, literature and science, household economy, and general intelligence, both domestic and foreign. All the various relations and connexions of society shall have a share in its departments; and no reasonable pains or expense will be spared, to make it worthy of its patrons. The profits will be wholly appropriated to the spread of the gospel, and to one of the noblest charities—the support of distressed and superannuated preachers, and the widows and orphans of such as have died in the work.

The price will be $2.00 a year, if paid in advance, or $2.50 within six months. It is fixed thus low with the hope of placing the paper within the reach of all, and of making it as extensively useful as possible.

New York, September 9, 1826.

Names	Post Office	County	State	Sum paid.

Preachers and Agents are requested to form *Subscription papers*, by copying the above Prospectus on a sheet of writing paper. In forwardi[illegible] to us t[illegible] they should be parti[illegible] ve no rule[illegible]

THAT SCRAP OF PAPER launched the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, September 9, 1826. Within five years this Methodist journal had 30,000 subscribers—largest circulation on earth, the London *Times* not excepted. Its influence went far beyond Methodist circles, Abraham Lincoln being among its readers and admirers.

Now, 130 years after founding, the ADVOCATE is to be twins . . . because in 1952 at San Francisco the Methodist General Conference rose to a challenge of the Bishops for a "bold venture"—two magazines "combining the best in modern craftsmanship and editorial skill." One is to serve pastors; one is to be for

amilies. Both will share Methodism's proud journalistic tradition. The former will, in fact, perpetuate the name in THE NEW CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. As he magazine for families, TOGETHER will carry on in the 130-year-old editorial formula: *in entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor.*

In yesteryear, the ADVOCATE not only had articles on religion ut recipes for cooks, prescriptions for home doctors, and market reports for ural Methodists. It even ran serially E. P. Roe's sentimental novel, *A Knight of he Nineteenth Century* . . . and reams of Victorian verse! But new times bring forth ew interests and ways-of-doing. Radio and television now crowd into our reading ime. And hand presses were long ago superseded by equipment that can print hotographs in full natural colors.

So again the time has come to rethink Methodism's journalistic fferings. And that we have done. Not only have we counseled with ministers but vith Methodist laymen on staffs of such magazines as *The Reader's Digest, Town Journal, aturday Evening Post, Time, Life, The Rotarian,* and *Capper's Weekly.* Professors at ur schools of journalism have given generously of time. TOGETHER as you now see t is the product of many hands, many minds. We have labored conscientiously o meet the ringing challenge that came from San Francisco.

TOGETHER stresses religion, as you see. It will always be mindful f what the editor of the ADVOCATE wrote in 1926 for its 100th anniversary issue: Christians realize now . . . that personal holiness is not the whole duty of man; hat God is not truly glorified unless the individual's relationships o his fellows in industry, in trade, in society, in citizenship, in racial contacts, nd in international affairs shall be infused with the spirit which has its ncomparable expression in the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

TOGETHER will strive for an editorial approach somewhat omparable to that of Christ, who taught great truths through parables bout people. In this issue, for example, might have appeared a rofound dissertation on the need for respect of other people and for eeping promises among nations. Instead, we present the story by General Romulo telling how friendly personal relations between Americans nd Filipinos won the Romulo family to the cause of democracy. And here's a large textbook on youth psychology (of special interest to Church School teachers!) compressed in the true story of Donald, he boy with cleft palate, who had trouble at a summer camp.

Pains will not be spared to fill the pages with quality articles, tories, and pictures. Some will be from well-known writers, artists, nd photographers; but the many will come from readers who eldom see their names in print.

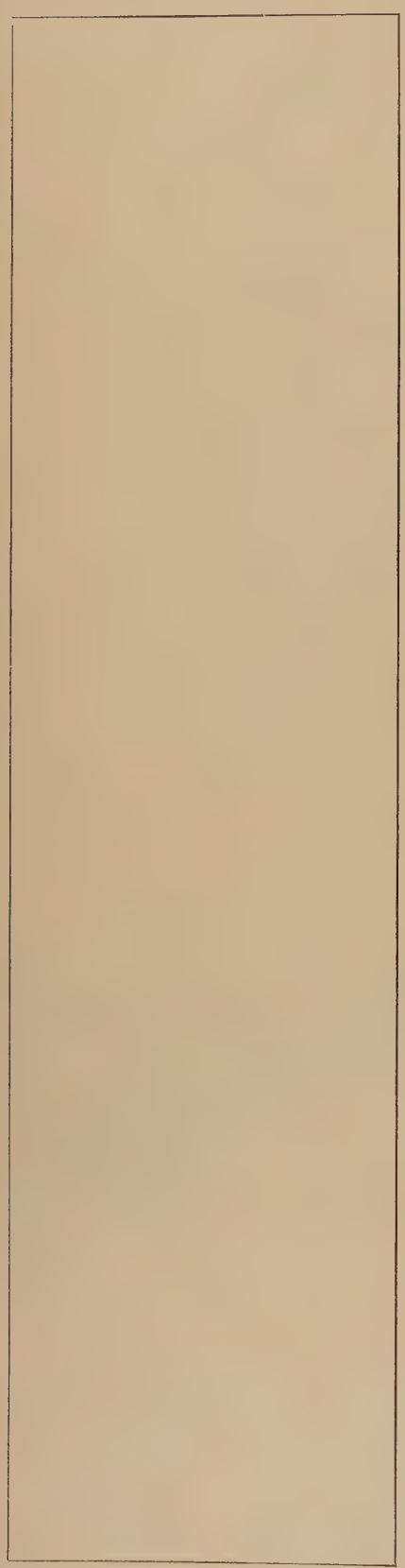
At San Francisco, our Bishops called for a "circulation f not fewer than one million copies"— as a starter, only. If every Methodist church will put in its annual budget a $2 subscription for each amily on its rolls, TOGETHER will have approximately 3 million circulation. t is our hope and our prayer that this will be done.

For TOGETHER has been conceived in the same evangelical pirit of reaching multitudes that marked efforts of John Wesley s he preached to throngs on hillsides and in the pits of abandoned coal nines. Only as it is exposed to many people can TOGETHER achieve a destiny f great service to The Methodist Church and to the larger purpose hat called it into existence almost 200 years ago.

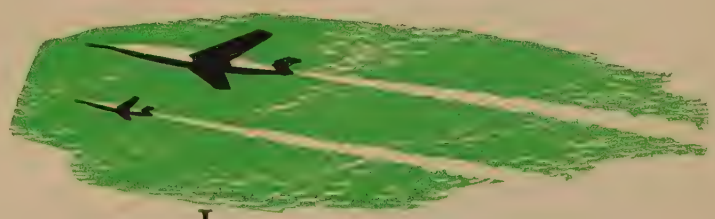
LOVICK PIERCE AND J. EDGAR WASHABAUGH
Publishing Agents of The Methodist Church

What My Religion Means to Me

*By*_____



Science is Not Enough!



I SAW THE SCIENCE I worshipped and the aircraft I loved destroying the civilization I expected them to serve, and which I thought as permanent as Earth itself. Now I understand that spiritual truth is more essential to a nation than the mortar in its cities' walls.

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH in *The Spirit of St. Louis*

Dr. Rall Answers

What Is 'Togethering'?

Harris Franklin Rall

We read in Acts 2:1 that "they were all together in one place." The disciples were in one room—but the meaning of those words runs far deeper than that. There was a togetherness which prepared the way for God's gift of His Spirit and marked the beginning of the Christian Church. That word "together" was never more important than today.

Q What is togetherness?

There is no merely individual existence, not even in the physical world. And every advance step depends upon a coming together.

Consider water. We take it for granted, but there could be no life without it. But water is two substances — hydrogen and oxygen — brought *together* in chemical union.

The great meaning of togetherness is found in human life: home, friendship, school, business, recreation, community, nation, world relations—we cannot list them all. *The great example is religion: men coming together with God in faith.*

Q What is man's part in this togethering?

One kind of togetherness is external. We may be passengers on the same train, workers in the same factory, dwellers in the same village. Never were men bound so closely together as today.

The other kind of togetherness is moral and spiritual. It is rooted in the inner life but works out into all life.

Here we see the problems that confront the Church, that belong to all followers of Christ. They concern first our inner life; we must be one within, our whole life brought into unity and peace through oneness with God.

In the world of work and wealth, marked by competition, we need this larger togethering. It means regard for all men, a common good, working together, justice for all.

The crucial problem today is the relations among nations. Here, too, the Church must bear its witness: all men are God's children.

Q What does God have to do with this togethering?

Together is God's way of working, both in creation and also in bringing salvation.

His first concern is to bring man together with himself in faith and obedience. His next concern is to join man to man in right relations. Faith, love, righteousness, service—these great words of religion all have to do with togethering.

The Kingdom of God means more than Divine power and human submission. It is inner and spiritual and ethical, God becoming the life of man, man's whole life created and shaped by God's Spirit.

Months before he knew Methodism's family magazine would be called TOGETHER, *Dr. Rall shared with readers of the* Christian Advocate *his insights on "togetherness." So well did he express the concept out of which the name for this magazine was evolved, that we are happy to present his statement in this, the first issue of* TOGETHER.—EDS.

Announcing a Contest for Articles on:

The Day My Religion Meant the Most to Me

The purpose:

It's open to:

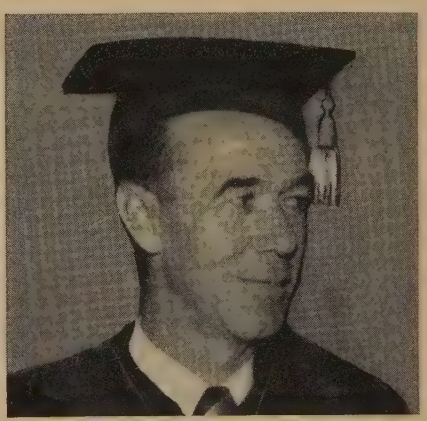
The judges are:

Lowell Thomas

Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy

Felix McKnight

Lowell Thomas, author, radio announcer, and commentator.



Gerald Kennedy, author and bishop, Los Angeles Area.

Felix McKnight, Managing Editor, Dallas (Texas) Morning News.

How We Romulos Changed Our Minds

Father was a guerrilla fighting against Americans, but I played baseball with the blue-eyed devils . . .

by Carlos P. Romulo

THERE was once upon a time, in Manila, a certain club called the Army and Navy Club. It was near the Luneta and the Manila Bay—places steeped in the drama of Filipino nationalism.

On the Luneta the foremost hero of the Filipinos was executed by a Spanish firing squad on 30 December, 1896. A monument now marks the spot where Jose Rizal fell. This will always be a shrine of patriotism for Filipinos.

It was in Manila Bay where Commodore Dewey, from his flagship, the *Olympia,* dictated the terms of Spain's surrender to American authority in August, 1898. Behind Manila, the Filipinos were in virtual control. So the once arrogant Lion of Iberia, after three centuries of domination over the Philippines, had no alternative but to bow to the muzzles of Dewey's guns and to accept the inevitable.

In this setting, so inseparably linked with the memories of the Filipino struggle for independence, stood the Army and Navy Club. And to it, I, then an impressionable high-school boy, was once asked to dinner

Quick to flash a smile is General Romulo—though in his memories are tragic events linked with the gallant stand of his people in World War II.

s guest of a friend, a Major in the Jnited States Army.

As we took our seats, the waiter, vho was a Filipino like myself, curtly told me it was a fixed rule of he club that only Americans were o be admitted. Though he said I nust leave, I refused to move.

"You stay on your seat as long as am here," my host insisted. So I tayed and ate my dinner. But I left he Army and Navy Club with vounded feelings.

All I had heard about American air play came to my mind and I began asking myself: What is it all or? Was it fair that on my own soil should be discriminated against because I was a Filipino? What had I done—what had my people done—o deserve such a treatment?

I thought of my hero Jose Rizal, vho fell so near to the scene of my humiliation. He was martyred for he same liberty of which the courageous Patrick Henry became the ymbol in the American Revolution. And hadn't American forces with Dewey joined with Filipinos in 1898, lso in the name of liberty, to release is from the Spanish oppressors?

The day after the incident I unburdened myself to the principal f my high school. He listened quietly as I told how deeply I had been hurt.

"Forget it, Carlos!" he said as I finished. "That is nothing to bother about. I myself don't go to that club, because I do not agree with its rules."

Here was a man who shared my feelings, and he was an American! He disagreed vehemently with other Americans and didn't make any secret of it!

My high-school principal was a civilian, I knew, and the Army and Navy Club was made up of full-fledged officers. But he opposed the caste system in the club's practices. That was freedom of speech! Even the military wasn't unanimous in its caste attitude, or how could I explain the action of my gracious host on that memorable day? He was every inch a U.S. officer!

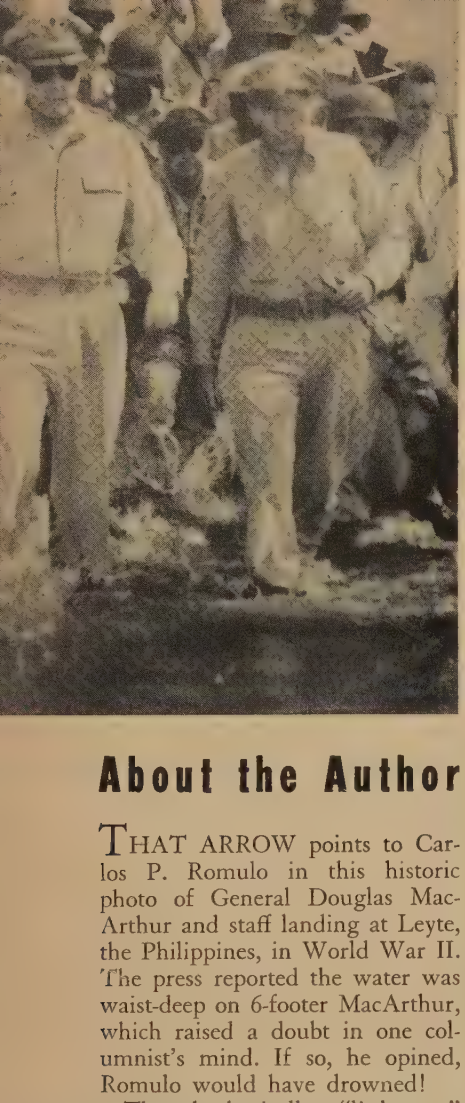
I now look back at the incident in the Army and Navy Club in Manila with a smile, considering the emotional upset it caused me. And my smile is one of tolerance which 50 years of association with Americans have generated in my spirit. For in maturer years I have come to regard manifestations like the one at the Army and Navy Club as rare exceptions rather than the rule.

No one has been able to convince me that good will is not the pervading motive of the American way of life. In my decade of labors in the councils of the United Nations I have not seen the slightest evidence of American recession from the task of promoting respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms. When the detractors have tried to magnify anti-Negro acts in certain sectors, the United States delegation has made critics hold their peace by the simple assertion that the government has condemned those acts and tried to prevent their commission.

As a boy in my home town in Camiling, Province of Tarlac, I saw the American soldiers of occupation do their chores as plain human beings, without the slightest militaristic tinge. We children mingled freely with Uncle Sam's uniformed men. They became our friends and teachers. From them I learned my first English words eagerly enough to literally storm, with others of my age, the first school house opened in our town under an American flag.

But there had been a lot of talk against the newcomers. They were said to be "man-eaters." From Manila had come warnings by both civilian and religious authorities: Children especially should not get near the

Some friendly blue-shirted US soldier snapped this shot. That recumbent youth is Carlos Romulo—then about eight years old. The idea of it all is that he was on first base stealing second—but he slid back just in the nick of time!



About the Author

THAT ARROW points to Carlos P. Romulo in this historic photo of General Douglas MacArthur and staff landing at Leyte, the Philippines, in World War II. The press reported the water was waist-deep on 6-footer MacArthur, which raised a doubt in one columnist's mind. If so, he opined, Romulo would have drowned!

Though physically a "little guy," General Romulo has attained prodigous stature in international affairs. He has long represented his country in the USA in various roles, including the ambassadorship. His was an eloquent voice at the San Francisco Conference of 1945 which launched the United Nations, and he has served as president of its General Assembly. His successful oratorical clashes with Vishinsky, the late Russian chief delegate, are UN legend.

At the famous Bandung Conference, he was anchor-man for the forces of democracy. After you read this article, you will understand why.

Before entering international politics, he had had a distinguished career in the Philippines as newspaper correspondent, editor, publisher, and radio man, winning a Pulitzer award for his dispatches.

He was educated in the Philippines and at Columbia University. Two dozen colleges and universities have bestowed honorary degrees on him.

Americanos lest they be devoured!

"They have absolutely no manners," I overheard my father, Gregorio Romulo, tell my mother. "They are brutes."

Father hated the Americans. He believed America wrested from us the freedom we had just won from Spain.

So he became one of the unknown guerrillas and I can remember how he would steal into the house in the dead of night after forays against "the blue-eyed devils."

But boys are boys the world over. So once when my mother was taking her *siesta* I made a beeline for the plaza. There were the *Americanos*—in dark blue flannel shirts, khaki pants, and huge hats. They didn't look like brutes to me, not when a sergeant smiled and tossed me an apple. Within a week he was my friend, showing me pictures and magazines and giving me candies and canned beef.

A few days later eight of us boys were squatting around him as he taught us from *Baldwin's Primer* to read and write. Sometimes, though, he would leave us abruptly, grab a gun and rush away with other soldiers. This we took for dismissal, not realizing they were called to repel guerrilla attacks of our own fathers.

Soldiers taught us baseball, too. And I had great ambitions to shine at shortstop. It was hard restraining my enthusiasm at home.

My grandfather, who had been a prisoner, wept bitterly when Emilio Aguinaldo, commander-in-chief of the Filipino forces, surrendered and took the oath of allegiance. Two days later my father came in and surrendered to Captain Minor and was treated with such consideration he whispered to my mother, "Say, these Americans are not as bad as I thought."

It was the turning point for him; soon he was studying English under Captain Minor. When Major A. V. Dalrymple came, my father asked him to live in our house and taught him Spanish in return for English lessons. The two became great friends and when my father campaigned for town mayor, Major Dalrymple harangued for him in badly broken Spanish.

Many American soldiers in Camiling instinctively reverted to civilian pursuits. Several became teachers and soon had the problem of accommodating the hundreds of children who sought to be pupils. Those teachers taught us how honesty was the best policy, how to speak our minds, how to be frank in our dealings with one another. The result was mutual frankness, and from this frankness stemmed good relations between us.

One of those American teachers (he must be in his 70's now), after hiding for many months, was traced to his hiding place by the Japanese in World War II. Before he was sent to the concentration camp, children saw him showered with bundles of provisions by Filipino friends. The poor man was in tears of gratitude as his neighbors and friends, likewise in tears, watched him hauled away.

My father was elected governor of our State and we moved to Tarlac, then to Manila where I came under influence of more American teachers. One of them now lives in Delray Beach, Florida, and I never miss calling on her whenever I pass her way.

Perhaps I should now confess that in my junior year in high school at Manila I wrote a poem. The title asked, "Who Are the Elect?" and I answered my question in the first line: *the teachers*. The rest of my verses extolled the good deeds of those faithful men and women who dedicated the best years of their lives to American democracy in Asia.

In Manila, I became editor of our high-school annual and helped the business manager get advertisements from American businessmen. None turned us down, but more important to me than the advertisements was the friendly way those executives took time to talk to two Filipino boys. Is it surprising that in my senior year I entered an oratorical contest with an enthusiastic speech on "My Faith in America" and won a gold medal?

Father, too, was won over. He saw how roads were built, how sanitation decreased the mortality rate, how wages and standard of living were raised. But what warmed his heart most was the planned way Filipinos progressively displaced Americans in governmental positions

as rapidly as they were prepared for such responsibilities.

Then Manuel L. Quezon, after serving in Washington as Resident Commissioner of The Philippines, brought the Jones Act. Its preamble carried the first congressional promise of independence.

"This," my father told me, "vindicates my action in surrendering to the Americans and taking my oath of allegiance. Americans have fulfilled the promise they have made to us. Now I can die."

The Commonwealth of The Philippines was established in 1935, with the entire government placed in Filipino hands. It is America's pledge redeemed. It is the indisputable proof of the integrity of the American people. To understand its full impact on the people of Asia, one must recall history.

The United States, the mighty and powerful, in 1898 came to the Philippines, the weak and defenseless. Filipinos had revolted from Spain in 1896. They didn't have the arms with which to fight Spain. Yet, they defeated Spain. Aguinaldo's victorious armies were pressing the remnants of Spanish authority when Dewey's squadron steamed into Manila Bay.

It seemed to Filipinos that no sooner had they rid themselves of one oppressor than another had come. In Malolos, capital of the Province of Bulacan, the Philippine Republic was being born with a constitution that would do credit to any country on earth. But the forces of mighty America surged over the islands.

Who could have doubted the ultimate fate of the Filipino-American War? Resistance of the weary Filipinos was a futile effort from the military point of view. Yet the Filipinos fought. Then, after capture of Aguinaldo, when peace was restored, the Americans declared their intention was not to impose their will upon another people, that the war they had waged was not one of conquest.

William Howard Taft, the first American Civil Governor, who had become my father's friend and was to be my guardian when I came to America as a student, proclaimed the American policy: "The Philippines for the Filipinos." Further proclamations were to underscore that goal. The Filipinos were to be trained in self-government with a view to their complete independence. That was the pledge, unparalleled in the annals of that time. In other parts of the world colonialism was tightening its hold, and for millions of subject people there was neither pledge nor hope. America did the unbelievable thing and there was to be no deviation from the course of benevolent policy.

Came World War II and the Commonwealth Government-in-exile became one of the signatories to the Declaration of the United Nations. Subsequently, the Philippines became a member of the United Nations Organization, on the strength of the American promise of independence, which was to take effect on 4 July, 1946.

Remember, World War II was not ended. Yet the United States was already treating the Filipinos as an independent people and giving them a status of equality and respect with the other allied nations in the war against Fascism. I have yet to find in history the equivalent of this honorable treatment of a weak people by another people with all means and implements of domination.

By that act the United States had set an example which has changed the course of history. It stimulated freedom movements in other areas and put colonial powers on notice as to the sensible course to take with their overseas possessions. Since then other republics have emerged in that sector of the globe where the American example of keeping the faith brought into being the Republic of the Philippines.

The thirst for domination is not in the American mind and the American character. I believed this to be the plain truth as early as my student days and all my experience since has confirmed this belief. Every now and then memories—such as that Army and Navy Club incident—come back to me. But they merge into the massive testament of American benevolence toward the Eastern Hemisphere.

Since her Philippine conquest of 1898, America has balanced the scale with the Filipinos by abundant proofs of sincerity and honor. Stage by stage, some act of official Washington has stood out to fortify the promise of independence and good will.

For Filipinos there has been no deviation from the path to their promised manumission from another people whose word is their bond.

Such is the way America won the people of the Philippines—and the Romulos.

General and Mrs. Romulo and family. Left to right: Carlos, Jr., who was a wartime lieutenant with Filipino guerrillas, Gregorio, Richard, and Bobby.

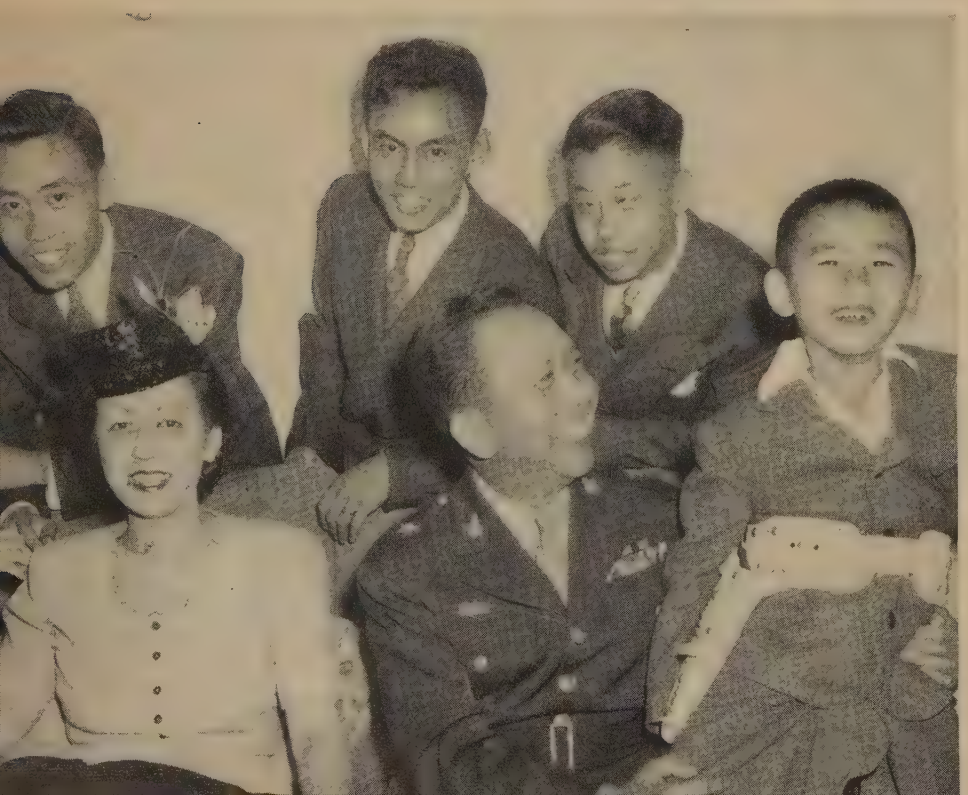


Illustration by Floyd A. Johnson

How Donald Learned To Say "Okay"

by Charles Mussen as told to Katherine J. Pitkin

I'VE BEEN a camp counsellor for a long time. People often ask me what kids get out of camping besides fun. Then I like to tell them about Donald.

It was the second day of camp, and I had 14 kids in my cabin. That morning Donald came to me—sobbing. I knew why. Donald was here last year. He's small for his age, which is 11. So I had kept an eye on him all summer. We got to be good friends.

"Kids making fun of you, Donald?" I asked.

He just said, "I want to go home."

I put my arm around him and didn't say anything for a minute. With Don it was the same old story that it has been for all these years. Ignorant kids riding him for something he can't help.

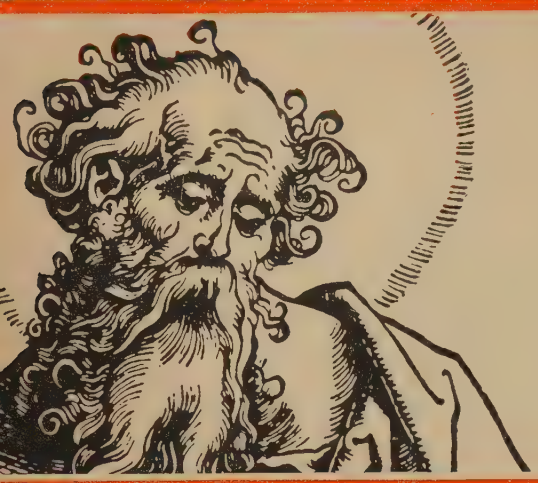
"What've the kids been saying to you, Don?" I asked, knowing in advance what he'd tell me.

"You know, Charlie—you know. They keep after me. They say where'd you get your funny face—or they say who smashed your face in? One guy asked me, 'Somebody punch you in the nose?'"

Don's voice broke then.

I patted him on the shoulder and let him alone for a few minutes.

Then I said, "Don, some people are big in their bodies, but they aren't big in their minds and their hearts." I told him these boys who



Could St. Paul say "Okay"?

A FASCINATING but unanswerable riddle for Bible students is: *What was Paul's "thorn in the flesh"?* He often referred to it in his letters. In Galatians 4:13 (RSV), for example, he comments, "You know it was because of a bodily ailment that I preached the gospel to you at first."

It's unlikely that he was sickly and weak: only a strong man could have withstood exposures and labors recounted in II Corinthians. But in that letter (RSV 10:10) is a hint that his annoying handicap made public speaking difficult: "For they say, 'His letters are weighty and strong, but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech is of no account.'" Could Paul have been a stutterer? Or maybe like Donald, in our story, he was afflicted with a deformity that invited ridicule whenever he opened his mouth to talk!

were laughing at him didn't know what was the matter with him.

"They're just ignorant, Don," I said. "It's not their fault if they don't know about you and about other kids who have the same trouble as you do. They'd be lots better off, though, if they did. Let's explain to them—you and I—why you don't look and talk too well sometimes. Let's tell them what it's like and what people are doing to help you. Okay?"

"OHay," said Don. (He had never been able to say OKay. I'd noticed that. It gave me an idea.)

So that night, just before we all turned in, we were lying around in the cabin, and I told the kids Don had something to tell them. Don and I sat on the bed, and I had a big piece of paper and a pencil. Then Don started to talk.

He told the kids about how he was born with a big hole in his face between his nose and upper lip. He looked so awful, he said, that his mother and father couldn't stand it. He told them how his father couldn't even bear to look at him. So finally his dad just packed up and left—nobody knows where.

Then he told about how his looks made his mother sick too. She would hardly pick him up. But she kept taking him to doctors. They'd operate—and then they'd tell her to bring Donald back in six months.

Don told the kids about how this went on and on and on—and finally he had had 15 operations so he'd have a nose and a mouth like other kids. He still had to have one more operation.

A long time ago, though, Don went on, his mother couldn't stand it any more. She had spent all her money on doctor bills. When she couldn't pay the mortgage on their house, they were evicted. She and Don went to live with Don's grandmother—but his mother had a breakdown and she didn't get well. They had to send her to the state hospital. She'd lost her mind, they said.

Donald told the kids about how his grandmother takes him to see his mother every single Sunday—for two hours. And about how his mother still loves him and he loves her. Maybe she'll come home sometime, he said. Maybe even this year. That's what the doctors hope.

I looked at the kids listening intently. They didn't say anything when Don stopped. They just sat—and some of them looked at their hands or at the floor or any place except at Donald.

Then I drew a big picture on my paper and showed them what a hare-lip looks like. I explained what a cleft palate is. And I told about how Donald has spent a long time in hospitals and clinics, getting patched up and learning to talk.

"Look, kids," I said, "I guess you've noticed as I have that Don can't say OKay." Don nodded. "He says *OHay* instead. Let's teach Don to say OKay. Let's make it a project!"

The kids let out a big yell. "Yea," they shouted. "Let's start now!"

I said, "It's too late now—but first thing in the morning."

They had a hard time getting quiet. But they finally went to sleep.

Their chattering woke me up next morning. I kept hearing them—one after another—saying, "Look—watch my mouth. Here's how you do it." And I'd hear Don saying, *"OHay, OHay!"* "No, *this* way," a kid would interrupt. This went on and on.

All that day, off and on, the kids kept showing Don how to make a *K*—with his lips and his tongue and his teeth set in just the right way. They made him practice and practice and practice. But he still couldn't say *K*. So we let it drop.

Next morning, while they were getting dressed, the kids started right in again. They were so busy teaching Don to say "OKay" that they didn't spend much time sweeping up the cabin and making their beds. I told them it was okay with me.

Then we left the cabin to go to breakfast in the big house.

About half-way through breakfast a kid asked Don to pass the milk.

"OKay," said Don—without thinking.

"He *did* it," shouted one boy. "Did you hear that, Charlie? He said OKay?"

The kids started yelling right there in the dining room—and I had to tell them to pipe down. "He did it. He did it." They could hardly stop saying it over and over.

So that's how Donald learned to say, "OKay."

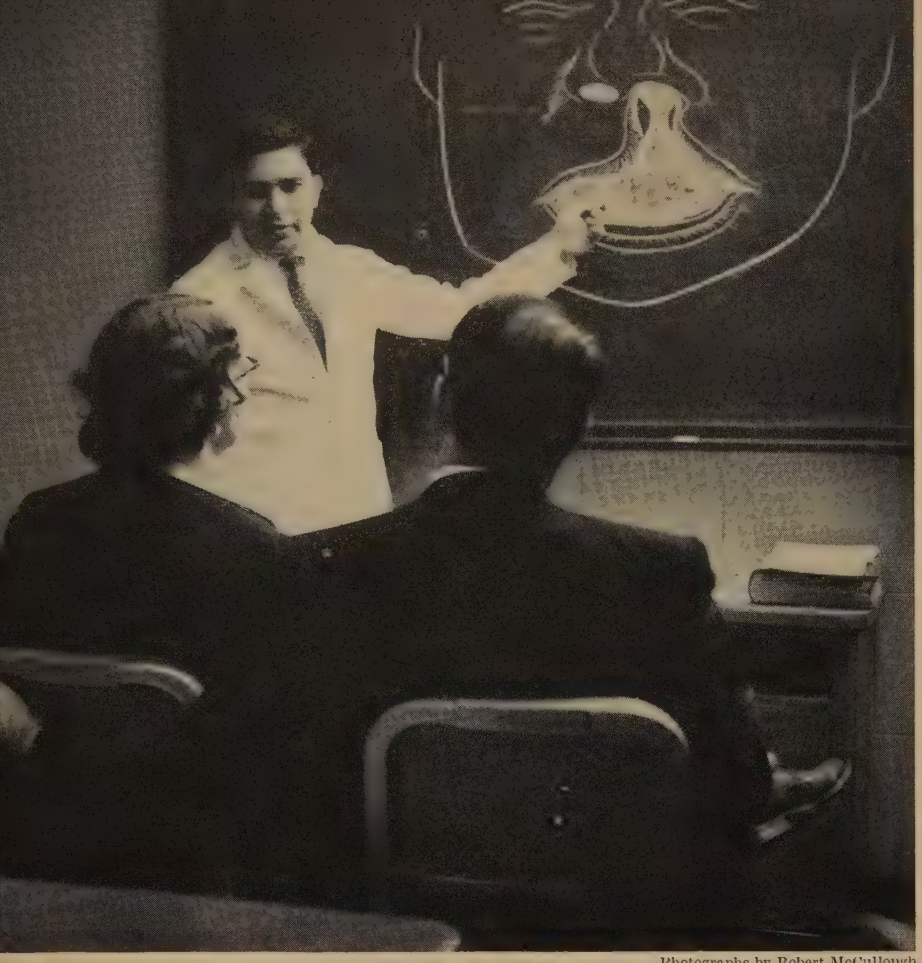
Made me feel good when he came to see me that afternoon.

"How's it going?" I asked, trying to look casual.

"Everything's perfect," Don said. Then he smiled at me. "I mean it's *OKay,* Charlie."

ROSEMARY GOES TO THE HOSPITAL

ONE BLUSTRY winter day, Rosemary, age three and one-half, went to this hospital with her mother and dad. Plastic surgeons spent several hours skillfully repairing the deformed palate with which Rosemary had been born. Now, 15 months later, you hardly notice any irregularity when she smiles, which is often. She romps and tussles with other youngsters and her life is nearly normal, except for frequent visits to the Northwestern University Cleft Lip and Palate Institute. Here ten top medical and speech specialists have become her friends. The story of Rosemary's triumph over cleft palate is highlighted on following pages.

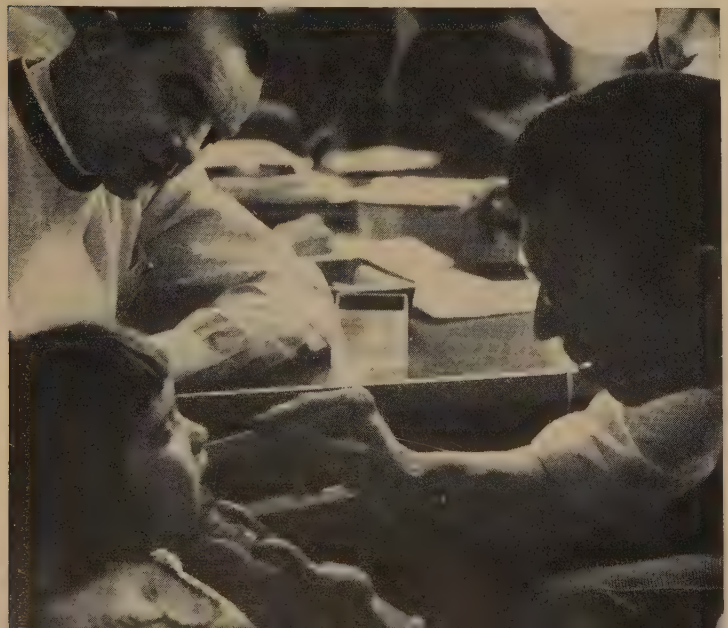


Photographs by Robert McCullough

At the Institute, Rosemary's mother and father learned what caused their daughter's deformity. Dr. Frank W. Pirrucello *(above),* staff plastic surgeon, uses a diagram based on photos taken at birth to show her parents how Rosemary's lip and palate had not been completely formed. Surgery, he told them, could give Rosemary a near-normal appearance and partially mend the gap in the roof of her mouth.

Then, he explained, a dental plate would be designed to help her eat and speak more naturally. For Rosemary, the long road to rehabilitation began with an examination by ten staff doctors—each one a specialist in cleft palate work. They peered into her mouth, studied X-rays and then laid plans for her treatment. From that moment, the hopes of Rosemary and her family focused on the clinic. Its waiting room *(below)* became a second home for the girl and her mother. Months passed as Rosemary went through the treatment pictured *(above right).* And though years of clinic sessions lie ahead, Rosemary is living almost normally.

Says Rosemary's mother: "It has been a long, hard struggle for all of us, but Rosemary's problem has drawn our family closer together. We know everything will turn out all right for our little girl."



Midmonth Powwow

We think and let think — JOHN WESLEY

Introducing a regular department: an open forum, wherein readers will tell what they would do if confronted by a real-life situation such as the one sketched in the box below. Later issues will carry pro and con letters from other readers.

Let's say his name is Jones. For 25 years he has worked for the Ex-Ex Wholesale Fruit Company. As the man in charge of bananas and especially perishable fruits, he is allowed a certain percentage for spoilage. He has never exceeded it. But because he regularly comes close to the allowable limit, management investigates and makes a discovery.

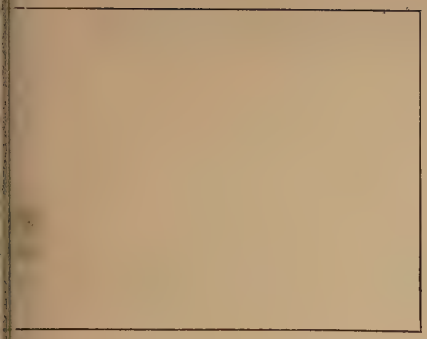
Jones has been selling fruit on the side—but not for profit. He is a kindly man and he has been turning this extra money over to an impoverished widow who lives "on the other side of the tracks" with a family of five young children. There is no romantic attachment between her and Jones.

Let's say you are the manager. You have just made the discovery of Jones' dishonesty. Would you fire him on the spot? Would you secretly reimburse the company, then put Jones on his honor to go straight? Would you pass the responsibility to your board of directors?

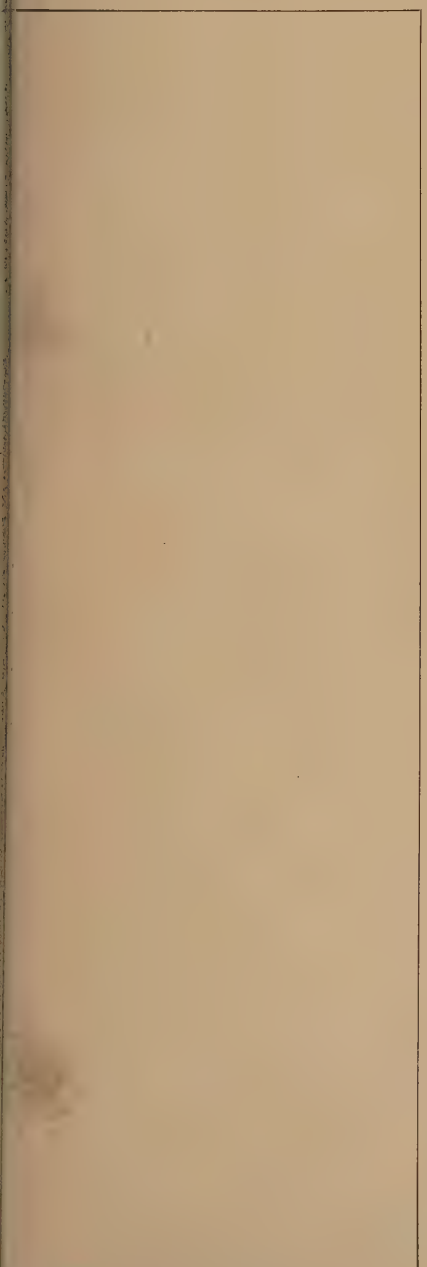
Just what would you do?

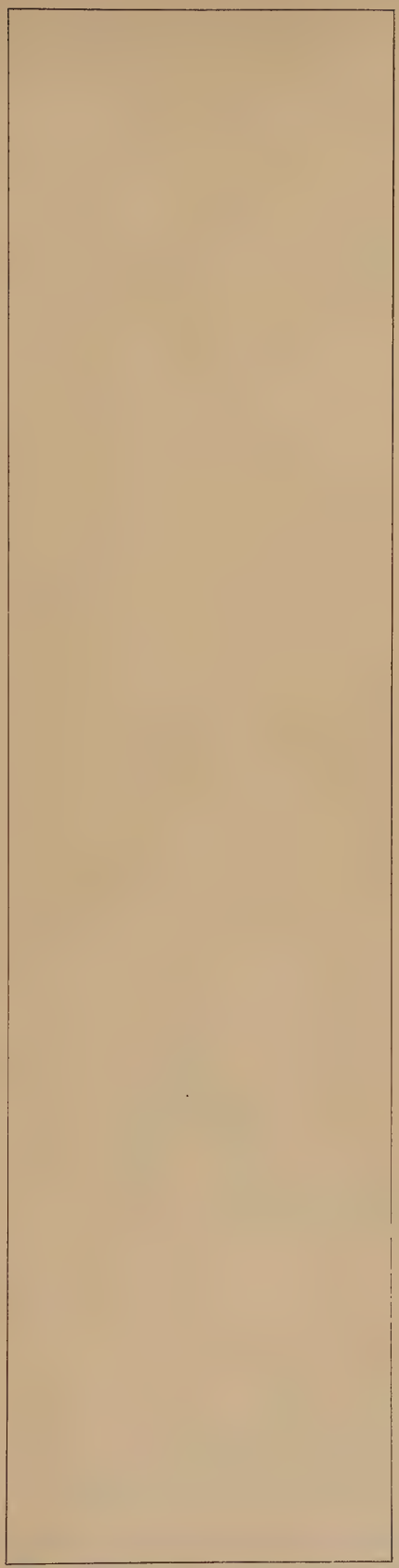
NOT AN ETHICAL QUESTION

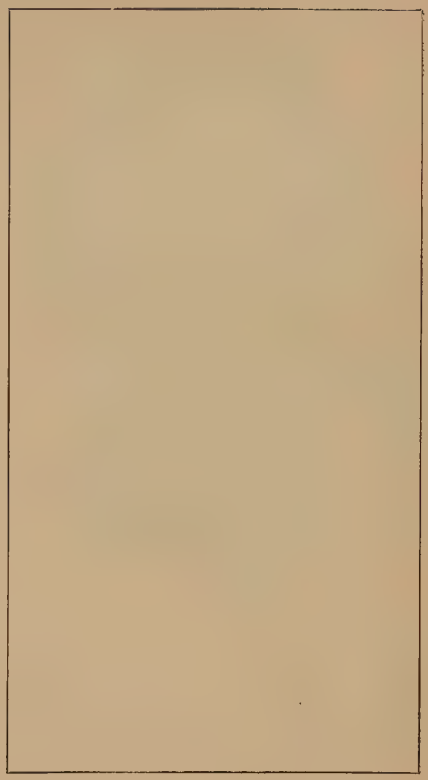
FIRE THE THIEF!



APPLY GOLDEN RULE







HE SHOULD REFUND

What would you do?

THE DARKEST DAY OF MY LIFE by *Art Linkletter*

MY FATHER was a traveling evangelist. He plied the trade of shoemaker to feed his family, and devoted his spare time to rendering spiritual sustenance to others. Although I didn't know it then, he was of the caliber of modern preachers like Billy Graham.

Possessed of a penetrating voice and an equally powerful conception of religious zeal, the Reverend John Fulton Linkletter praised the Lord in streetcars, on city corners and from the very rooftops of the tiny San Diego home.

I was 11 and normally curious that he should receive so many letters from far-off Canada. Then, too, he always pushed them away when I entered his room. I made up my mind that it was something I should find out about.

He was away one day, and I entered his room. I searched for the mysterious, official-looking documents, then I read them. They told me something I had only vaguely suspected: that he was not my natural father, that the small dainty quiet woman who always worked so laboriously mending clothes for me, was not my biological mother.

I had been adopted as an orphan, but no one had ever troubled to explain that to me. I put the letters away, talked the matter over with my "father" quietly. Nothing much was made of it. But for quite a while I felt insecure and shaken.

Today, with a home and children of my own, I am more than ever convinced that honesty in the home works both ways. We hope that our children will trust us and not lie to us. In return, a child is entitled to know where he stands.

The parents who pretend their adopted child is not adopted are selfishly indulging themselves. More than anything else, children love security. And what can be better than the comforting knowledge that they were selected—chosen specially by a mother and father?

Together in the Home

"We took a tip from Susanna Wesley...

You are invited to write for this page—about real-life family and home problems and how you have solved them. If your letter is published (300 to 500 words, please) we'll send you a $15 check.—Eds.

BIG HELP

Not every morning of my life,
But now and then, to help my wife,
I make my bed, which when
She's thanked me for my thoughtfulness
And viewed the lumpy, bumpy mess
She makes again.

—*Richard Armour*

Looks at movies

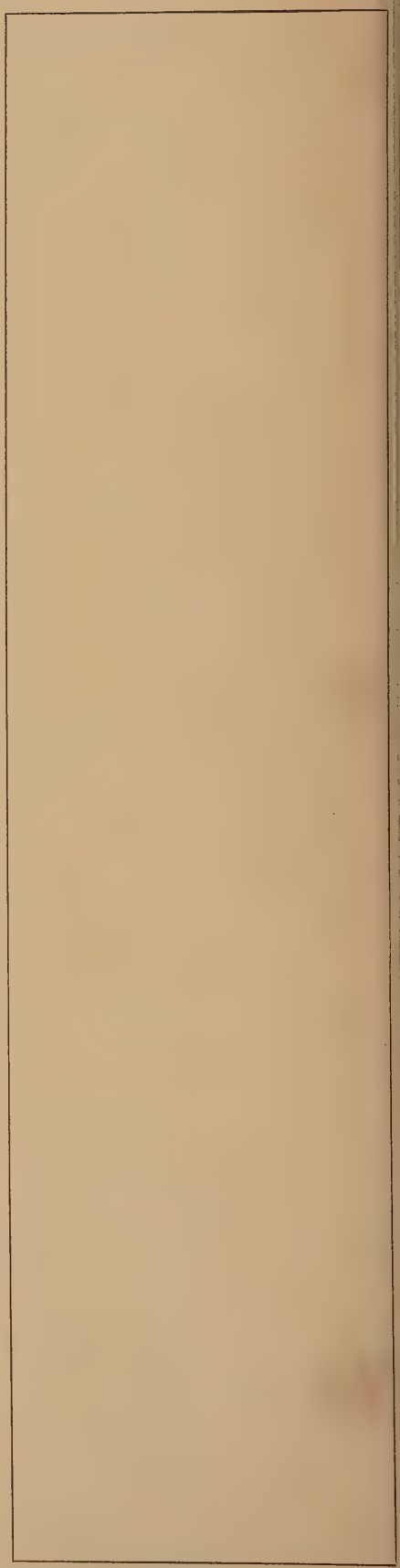
The film ratings shown below are from the Protestant Motion Picture Council: A—Adults; Y—Young People; F—Family.

Tips on T.V.

Can Colds Be Cured?

By_____, M.D.

The Hiroshima Maidens



Come Home

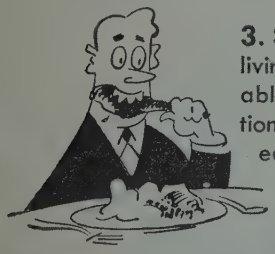
By Norman Cousins
Editor, THE SATURDAY REVIEW

Bishop O.K.'s Formula for Getting Rid of Pastors

Want a sure-fire formula to get rid of an inefficient pastor? Here's one, developed by the late Fred Trotter, a California district superintendent, which won approval of his bishop.

1. Look him straight in the eye when he is preaching, and say "Amen!" once in awhile. He'll preach himself to death within a few weeks.

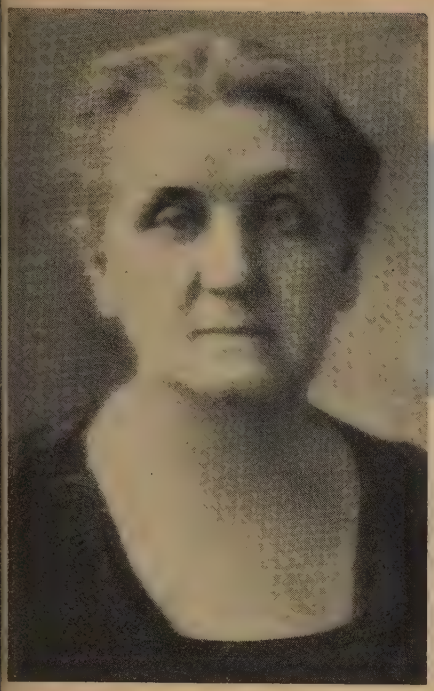
2. Pat him on the back and brag on his good points. He'll work himself to death.



3. Start paying him a living wage. He's probably been on starvation wages so long he'll eat himself to death.

4. Rededicate your own life to Christ and ask the preacher to give you a job. He'll die of heart failure.

5. Get the church to pray for the preacher. He'll become so effective some larger church will take him off your hands.



Jane Addams of Hull House

By Karl Detzer

She brought new hope to the weary and oppressed in Chicago's teeming slums.

HERBERT HOOVER often asked for her advice; Woodrow Wilson told her he was "strengthened" by her aid; Theodore Roosevelt named her "America's most useful citizen." Cities, nations, great universities bestowed on her their highest accolades, including the Nobel Prize for Peace. Despite these honors she chose to live in the slums, and one of the proudest moments in her long life was when she was appointed garbage inspector for the city of Chicago.

Her name was Jane Addams. Her home was Hull House, America's pioneer social settlement, which she founded in Chicago's west-side slums. Here for nearly half a century she strove against injustice and unkindness, against dirt and disease, against greed and dishonesty in public office, against intolerance, bigotry, ignorance, and war.

She pointed out the economic and ethical need for slum clearance two generations before any city in the land took the matter seriously. She launched a public-health campaign almost single-handed, before 1900, to clean up filthy bakeries and butcher shops. She organized one of the earliest campaigns against juvenile delinquency. She "marched" for votes for women. In a cab on the way to the Bull Moose convention in 1912 she convinced Theodore Roosevelt that equal suffrage must be a plank in his party's platform. She dedicated her most strenuous effort of all to the outlawry of war.

Hull House still stands today, a beacon of decency in Chicago's drab West Side. Walter Lippmann has called it a "cathedral of compassion." Twenty years after her death, the work she started there still goes on.

Born in 1860 in the hamlet of Cedarville, Illinois, near the Wisconsin border, Jane Addams from infancy suffered from a slight curvature of the spine that twisted her head to one side and in her youth, before it was corrected by an operation, gave her a strange, pigeon-toed gait. Perhaps it was this that made her introspective and sympathetic with unfortunate folk. When she was six, she rode in the family carriage through mean back streets of Freeport, the county seat, and for the first time saw the dwellings of the poor. Disturbed, she told her stepmother that some day she would build a big, fine house in a poor neighborhood "and invite the people in." Twenty-three years later she did just that.

Graduated from Rockford Female Seminary in 1881, she entered an eastern medical school, but after six months her health broke and she returned home. A long illness followed; in its course an operation partly straightened her twisted spine.

At 23 she went to Europe to round out her education. In London she visited the slums of Whitechapel, and the memory haunted her. Later, with a college friend, Ellen Gates Starr, she returned to Whitechapel to visit the world's first social settlement, Toynbee Hall, then just four years old.

Stirred by what she saw, Jane Addams rushed back to Chicago to set up a similar establishment. For five months in 1889 she walked slum streets, hunting the spot which most needed the "big house" of her childhood dream.

At Polk and Halsted Streets, surrounded by dirty, overcrowded shacks, stood a once-fine mansion built in 1856 by a man named Hull. The ramshackle area was now teeming with the poorest of the poor: newly-arrived Italians and Greeks, German, Russian, and Polish immigrants. The streets were deep with mud; water was piped into few houses; three or four families shared a spigot in the yard. There were only three bathtubs for the jam-packed thousands in a radius of a third of a mile. Sewage was sketchy, garbage rarely collected; a frightful stench pervaded the area. This, Jane Addams decided, was the place for her.

The old brick house had fallen on evil days. Flanked by a saloon and a livery stable, its first floor was a warehouse, the second floor a warren of dirty, one-room tenements. Miss Addams leased part of the first floor and all of the second, bought soap, lye, disinfectants, scouring brushes, and moved in with her friend Miss Starr. For weeks they scrubbed. Then they opened the doors. Later the Hull estate turned

over to Miss Addams not only the old house but all the surrounding block on which today's expanded Hull House stands.

The term "social worker" had not yet been coined. No university offered a course in sociology. Miss Addams, the leader, and Miss Starr, the willing follower, were crossing a frontier with no map to guide them. Before they were finished they had charted the course now pursued by social workers the world over.

Babies, dying by hundreds because of dirt, ignorance and malnutrition, were their first concern. They invited mothers to bring their babies in for baths, and they went out to the tenements to help mothers fix decent places for children to sleep. Soon other young women came to help. Within a year 20 volunteers were hard at work.

Tuberculosis was rife in Chicago's food-handling trades, the milk supply was tainted, the crime and infant-mortality rates were soaring. Despite 12-hour days at Hull House, Miss Addams found time to tell this sordid story anywhere she could find an audience—in churches, to unions, to women's clubs. One wealthy young property-owner who heard her asked how he might help. Miss Addams looked him in the eye, pointed out that in the Hull House neighborhood he owned several filthy firetraps, occupied by prostitutes. Why not tear the shacks down and make the lots into playgrounds? The property-owner was furious, but in a few weeks he gave her the land. On May 1, 1892, Jane Addams opened the first free public playground in Chicago.

Shocking conditions in industry early stirred her gentle wrath. In the needle trades, expensive garments were cut in unsafe factories, then sewed together throughout the neighborhood by women and children, the latter paid four cents an hour. Jane Addams demanded factory safety laws and the prohibition of child labor.

Until then Hull House had been considered "harmless." Now a storm broke. Employers, slum parents and politicians joined to try to shout Jane Addams down. This woman was interferring with business; she must be stopped! One manufacturer promised $50,000 "to support the work of Hull House," provided Miss Addams would halt her agitation for safety laws. Another offered $20,000 to build a club for working girls, if Hull House would forget child labor. The offers only made Jane Addams more steadfast.

Soon 50,000 neighbors a year were visiting Hull House. They came to learn something of American cooking and housekeeping, and of American history, too. They came to art and music classes, to learn trades, to play games, dance, join community sings, take free baths in the basement. They came to learn English.

Grafting ward politicians furiously resisted Jane Addams' efforts to secure better sewers and garbage collection. She sent the women of the neighborhood out in pairs to see and report violations of the sanitary code, then carried these reports to City Hall. The City Council ignored them, but the newspapers, sensing a scandal, spread them before the people. The mayor, impressed by Miss Addams' sincerity, appointed her inspector of garbage.

From her first day on the job she was out at six o'clock every morning to follow the collectors on their smelly rounds and to see that they did their work. She got the nine collection wagons in the ward increased to 17, took landlords into court, stirred such a mighty ruckus that Chicago began to clean itself up.

Of Jane Addams' reform efforts, none stirred so much resentment as her attitude in labor disputes. Chicago between 1890 and 1920 was the scene of long, bloody strikes. The pistol and blackjack were used freely by both sides. No matter which side used violence, Jane Addams opposed it, and this enraged both management and labor. When employers imported regiments of armed thugs to beat and intimidate the strikers, Miss Addams cried out bitterly.

Yet when a young strikebreaker from the Hull House neighborhood was set upon by union rowdies and badly beaten, she immediately expressed her disapproval by going to call on the injured man at his home. A mob of jeering union sympathizers had surrounded the house, threatening anyone who entered. Miss Addams was warned not to come closer. She did not slow her pace. The mob gave way. When she came out later, the sullen union sympathizers did not molest her.

Even before 1910 Hull House was a mecca for visitors from all over

America and Europe: Henry Ford, William Allen White, John Dewey, senators and cabinet members, a British prime minister, professors from Heidelberg. They came to look, and carried away inspiration.

In politics Jane Addams was a maverick. She disdained party labels. She voted the Socialist ticket once, the Progressive once, (when Theodore Roosevelt ran on it) the Democratic once and the Republican twice—for Herbert Hoover. Always a pacifist, she objected to ROTC in schools. This brought her into conflict during World War I with "patriotic societies," and later with the American Legion which, in convention, booed when her name was mentioned.

Jane Addams was a plain-faced woman. She always dressed simply and inexpensively; she wanted to use her money for more important things. A biographer who had access to her accounts says that in 45 years she gave an average of $25,000 a year to Hull House and allied causes, from her inheritance, her lecture fees, and her writings. Her total contributions thus amounted to more than a million dollars according to the best-informed sources.

Most of the forlorn causes for which Jane Addams fought became winning achievements, and most of her "dangerous" ideas were accepted by the public before she died. She saw her cherished child-labor laws passed throughout the nation, safeguards established for both men and women in industry; adult education, public playgrounds, day nurseries, sanitary codes became universal. She voted in five Presidential elections, and the women's vote was no longer a matter of ridicule. She lived to see the World Court and the League of Nations trying to establish peace.

Jane Addams died of cancer on May 21, 1935. To the funeral in the Hull House courtyard came the great and the near-great of the state and nation. And by the thousands came her humble friends, the neighbors she had "invited in." Other thousands, including workmen with their lunch boxes in their hands, knelt in the streets and wept and bade farewell to their friend. Around the world there were many stirring epitaphs. Of them all, the one she would have liked best was delivered impromptu.

To avoid a crowd at the railway station, no announcement was made of when the body would be taken to the train for the journey to the little cemetery in her childhood home of Cedarville. The morning after her funeral, the hearse moved down Halsted Street quietly and alone. Traffic was heavy and noisy. At Twelfth Street the hearse halted for a red light. A big Irish policeman approached.

"Is it her?" he asked. The driver nodded. The policeman's whistle sounded; all traffic halted; silence settled on the corner. The officer came to salute and signaled the hearse forward. His voice carried to the crowds at the curbs.

"Rest in Peace!" he said, and Jane Addams for the last time left her chosen neighborhood. The last word uttered in her quiet presence there was the word she loved best: Peace.

How Did Jesus Really Look?

By Dwight E. Loder

JESUS, WHOM men called Christ, was once clothed with flesh. He lived on earth as a human being who earned His living as a carpenter.

But what did He really look like? No living person knows. Nor do artists who, through the centuries, have put brush to canvas and chisel to stone.

Primitive Christians were not interested in the physical appearance of Him whose name they bore. The Gospels offer not one hint whether He was tall or short, big or slight, bearded or smooth-faced, blond or brunet. No contemporary reports throw light on His face.

It was not until the Third Century that notes and letters of church leaders referred obscurely to His physical characteristics. Typical was the comment of Jerome, a scholar who wrote in the Fourth Century:

"Had He not had something heavenly also in His face and in His eyes, the apostles never would have followed Him at once, nor would those who had come to arrest Him have fallen to the ground."

But people are incurably picture-minded. Very early—no one knows just when—Christian artists and craftsmen began to put Jesus into drawings and on pottery.

Their conceptions were stylized, of course. On the walls of the catacombs, where Christian believers met to elude the emperor's soldiery, most pictures were mystical decorations. Usually they represented a symbol of Christ, nothing more.

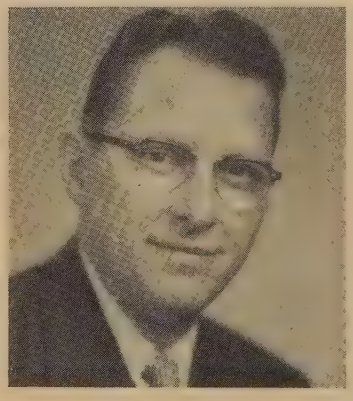
Surveying the long history of attempts by artists to portray Jesus, we can see certain theological trends. At first, Jesus was shown as an idealized Good Shepherd. Often He appeared as a supernatural wonder-worker.

By Mid-Fifth Century, church leaders began to use walls of churches to teach what unlettered peasants could not read in books. But religious pictures were not realistic.

Eastern art, centering on Byzantium (modern Istanbul) usually showed Him as an Oriental potentate—just, perhaps, but harsh and grim. In Europe, Christ was often depicted as the source of all wisdom. He was often pictured in the midst of His disciples like a Greek philosopher, with high forehead and long curly beard. This was the origin of the tall, bearded figure that long dominated Western art.

The medieval artist, like the medieval theologian, removed Him from the sphere of human experience. He was not the Son of Man, gathering up within Himself the impulses of man and also suggesting man's unrealized possibilities.

He was not a man whose eyes could flash with anger or kindle with pity. He was an other-worldly creature—the antithesis of a carpenter who sweated and developed callouses on His hands at a bench. Painters of those days were less interested in reality than in theology.



Dr. Loder, 42-year-old president of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois, is a close student of the Bible and of trends in Christian art. His last pastorate was Hennepin Avenue, in Minneapolis, which has one of the finest collections of art to be found in a church gallery. He is a native of Nebraska and a graduate of the state university.

Came Gothic architecture, and the figures lengthened to fit in with the graceful upward thrust of the pillars. Heaviness and massiveness had no place in the lacey architecture of a Gothic cathedral. The emphasis was on the ethereal qualities and artistic design. So the stern rigidity of the earlier faces of Jesus yielded to an almost feminine gentleness.

By the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, more human qualities and expressions had come into the portraits of Jesus. The Christ of the Gospels was emerging. Portraits were much alike, however, because the pattern had become sterotyped. But Fra Angelica could show him dressed as a pilgrim and Andrea del Castagno could picture a youthful figure emerging at the Resurrection.

Protestants abandoned wall paintings associated with doctrines and rites of the Roman Catholic Church. They scorned the near-idolatrous reverence given to images stressing the person and life of Jesus. The reformers approached the subject from the human side.

But among Catholic artists there was a return to the mystic view of Christ—the wounded, bleeding Christ—as the Counter-Reformation forces set in. Material progress and the Industrial Revolution, however, had their impact. Even artists began to be aware of the social teachings of the Gospel.

Artists then began to draw on their own experience and the experience of the world, painting Him realistically as a Jew, consciously rejecting the idealization of the centuries. They painted Him as a Dutch burgher, a German peasant, a Norwegian working-man. Modern Japanese make Him slant-eyed.

How did Jesus, the man, actually look? Again, no one knows. Perhaps it is just as well. Jesus was flesh and blood, to be sure. But with mystery surrounding His actual physical appearance, it is given to each of us to envision Him in terms of what He means to us.

Was St. Luke an artist? Tradition says he did this — but probably it's Third Century art work.

A Second Century portrait done on cloth, preserved in the St. Bartholomew Church at Genoa in Italy.

MEN "see" Christ in many ways—as our 8-page album demonstrates dramatically. This page shows how as early as the Second Century some visual-minded Christians were breaking away from representations of Christ by mystical symbols. With no known life sketches from which to work, they were uninhibited and drew freely on their imaginations.

That is the story repeated down the centuries. Portraitists have been influenced not alone by their own concepts of creative composition but by the art vogues, the environments, and the theologies of their times. Each artist could say of his work, "Behold the man!"—and no one with assurance could say he was wrong. Christ is all things to all men—especially to artists.

But gradually a familiar bearded face emerged in the forms popularized by Johann Hofmann, a German artist who died at Dresden in 1911. In recent years, however, artists have again been fascinated by the problem and are repeating the centuries-old process of translating inward concepts of the Son of Man into visual form. And this will continue.-Eds.

Christ before resurrection. This Second Century likeness is in the Sacristy of St. Peter's in Rome.

Christ done in a mosaic by some unknown artist in the catacombs—safe from the prying persecutors.

MOSAIC dating from the Eleventh Century at Daphni, Greece. Clearly, the artist was under Byzantine influence. Christ is not shown as a compassionate Saviour, but rather as a stern judge or potentate, Eastern style, probably ready to judge the quick and the dead. The realism is remarkable for a portrait made of bits of stone or glass set into plaster. The book in His hand, however, is an anachronism for "books" mentioned in the Bible were not hard-bound volumes but scrolls that were unwound as they were read.

TYPICAL of his period is this portrait by Albert Bouts, a Dutch painter who was born in 1455 and died in 1549. It emphasized the agony of Christ—which was in consonance with a theology that glorified suffering. The features also show a common tendency toward feminizing Christ's face, rather than depicting Him as a vigorous man who had earned His living at manual labor and was accustomed to long walks in the open air. Albert Bouts did many religious paintings, but few of them have survived.

REMBRANDT (1606-1669) grew up in a pious Protestant family at Leyden, Holland, so it is not surprising that this portrait has been called the "Christ of the Beatitudes." It shows Him as a friendly person whom one might meet on the street. Perhaps in this conception Rembrandt put some of his own longings, for his life was marked by sorrows and frustrations as well as by successes. The original canvas is now among the treasured masterpieces preserved in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City.

CHRIST'S life fascinated Johann Hofmann (1824-1911). This German artist painted many scenes with Christ as the central figure—with the adulteress, with the doctors, in Gethsemane, to name a few. His "Christ and the Rich Young Man" is in Riverside Church, New York. In all of these, Hofmann projected his concept of Christ's likeness, pictured above. Though it shows Him as somewhat effeminate, it has the elements of beauty that have made Hofmann a popular painter of religious subjects and scenes.

AN OHIO FARM BOY who won fame in New York was Howard Chandler Christy (1873-1952). During the Spanish-American War he sketched news events in Cuba. Later he did portraits, illustrated books and magazines, and popularized the wind-blown "American Girl." Dissatisfied with stereotyped conceptions of Christ, he did this portrait—injecting a strong note of modern realism. The original is owned by the Methodist Publishing House and presently will be hung in its new headquarters building at Nashville, Tennessee.

BREAKING sharply with tradition is this portrait by Ivan Eugene Pusecker, who was born in Texas in 1908 but now lives in Ohio. It contrasts with medieval pictures of Christ in agony and other-worldly moods. Pusecker obviously was influenced by today's theology which thinks of Christ not alone as a Man of Sorrows but as a person who taught love, healed the sick, and found joy at weddings and festive gatherings. The original is owned by Dr. George W. Crane, Chicago psychologist and church-school teacher.

Here's How Sallman Painted It

by William F. McDermott

THERE WAS A knock at the door. A Los Angeles churchwoman, expecting a friend, opened it wide—and faced a masked man and a pistol.

"Your purse and your jewels!" he demanded.

As the terrified woman stepped back, the intruder glanced inside the living room. Suddenly his pistol arm went limp and the weapon dangled. His eyes were fixed upon a large framed picture. "Keep your money, lady," he blurted. "I can't look at *that* picture and steal. I saw things like that when I was a kid." He turned and raced down the steps.

What the robber had glimpsed was the "Head of Christ" by Warner Sallman, the most widely favored portrait of Christ ever painted. More than 60 million copies have been distributed and multi-color presses operate around the clock to meet demands.

Strange stories are being told of what the picture does to people. There's one about two GIs captured in World War II by Japanese, related by the late Dr. Peter Marshall, chaplain of the U. S. Senate and subject of the motion picture "A Man Called Peter."

"As they were being marched back at bayonet point to uncertain fate," said Dr. Marshall, "one of the Americans began whistling a gospel hymn. Suddenly a captor sidled up.

"'You Christian?' he asked. 'Me Christian too. My mission in Tokyo has big picture of Jesus.'

"A thought flashed through the GI's mind. He dug into his wallet, pulling out a small print of Sallman's 'Head of Christ.'

"'That's it!' said the excited Japanese. 'Same picture! We be friends.'

"Believe it or not, it turned out that the American youth's church in Boston had supplied the large picture for the Japanese lad's mission in Tokyo. The two 'enemies' became friends—reconciled by the Prince of Peace through the ministry of a picture."

Dr. Charles Ray Goff, pastor of the Chicago's First Methodist "Temple" tells of the time a Filipino accosted him in Manila with the words: "You saved my life!"

A graduate of a mission school, this man had been a guerrilla. Deep in the interior he was captured by savages. Pleading for mercy because he was a Christian, he opened his wallet and showed them the "Head of Christ." It so impressed his captors they released him.

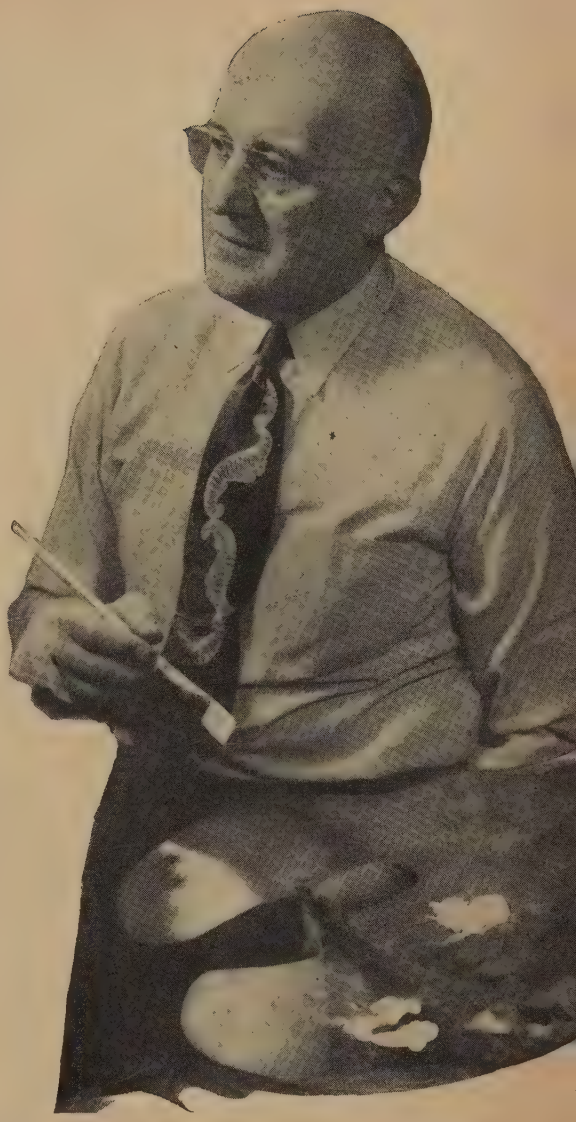
"I know how you got painter to make picture," the Filipino told Dr. Goff, "so you saved my life."

Bread cast upon the water had returned after many a day!

Back in 1924, Charlie Goff, former Iowa farm boy and miner, was a student at Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois. Talking to a YMCA Bible Class in Chicago's "loop" the husky seminarian often stressed practical religion.

"Christ lived right on the level of ordinary people," he once declared, "like carpenters, bookkeepers, farm laborers, clerks, and ditch diggers. He helped them every time He got a chance. We should do the same. We oughtn't set Him apart. I hope some day an artist will give us a picture of Him as such a man of strength, courage and ideals, cheerfulness, and hope."

In the class was Warner Sallman, young commercial artist. And he was listening intently because only 24 hours away was the deadline for a cover he must draw for a religious youth publication.



Dare he try to portray Christ? He remembered years before the dean of Moody Bible Institute had said no artist had yet conceived the *real* Christ. He was familiar with the Bible through stories learned from a devout mother and at Sunday School. And he had dreamed of doing religious art ever since he had watched his father, a carpenter, sketch the sea and ships to soften his homesickness for his home back in Finland.

"It'll be easy," Warner told himself. "I'll pray about it, and God will reveal to me what I should draw."

Relaxed and full of assurance, Sallman went to his attic studio that evening to make the sketch. But the first one disappointed him—also the next, and the next. He had the idea, but no image came alive. He grew nervous with frustration as midnight approached. All his drawings

"Head of Christ" by Warner Sallman reproduced by permission of Kriebel & Bates, the copyright owners.

lacked that something vital, strong and arresting, so necessary to draw the eye and stir the heart. Again he prayed, but the inspiration did not come.

Finally he gave up and went to bed. But Sallman couldn't sleep. Ideas raced through his mind only to disappear as he opened his eyes. The hands of his bedside clock had reached 2 a.m., when suddenly there flashed to his mind a vision—the face of Christ as it should be!

IN pajamas and bare feet he rushed to his studio. Grasping a pencil and a sheet of paper, he quickly made a rough thumbnail sketch before the image faded. Then he returned to bed and fell into restful sleep.

"A few hours later, I returned to the studio," Sallman told me, "and made a charcoal drawing. It seemed as easy and as natural as if I were drawing a figure I had done many times before. And I made my deadline!"

The *Covenant Companion* printed Sallman's picture, but it did not cause an immediate sensation. A few people asked for extra copies, so Sallman had 1,000 extra covers run off at his own expense. The supply lasted 10 years.

Meanwhile Sallman gave many chalk talks before church groups, sketching his likeness of Christ in colored crayons. One drew the attention of a McCormick Theological Seminary student who entered it in a class competition for the most appealing likeness of the Nazarene. Many paintings and drawings, among them world masterpieces, were entered. When the votes were counted—a large majority of the 50 students put the Sallman drawing first.

Encouraged by this, a church-supply house made black-and-white reprints, but Sallman was not satisfied. Fully to express his concept, the picture needed color. So one day in 1940 he made an oil painting and placed it atop the mantel in his home.

There Fred M. Bates and Anthony W. Kriebel saw it. They represented a religious publishing house in Indiana that was searching for new artists to give a fresh touch to religious subjects.

"This is it!" Bates ejaculated as he saw the painting. Kriebel agreed.

Within a few weeks, their color presses were rolling. The first run was 100,000, delivered in February of 1941. In two months it was exhausted. A second edition of 250,000 followed in April, a third of 500,000 in August, and a fourth of 500,000 in November.

The flood tide roared in with orders for 3 million prints in 1942—millions going to servicemen over the world—and it has been rolling like that and faster, ever since. Even World War II's end and cessation of Korean hostilities brought no diminution.

Meanwhile, Sallman has produced more than a dozen other paintings of the Man of Galilee, and scenes of His earthly ministry—all of which, added to the Head of Christ printings, approximate 100 million copies.

You will find it in the White House, in governors' residences, in courtrooms, in stained glass windows of churches, in millions of city and rural residences, in Eskimo igloos, Indian tepees, in ranch houses, miners' shacks, and Mexican adobe houses. Protestants and Catholics alike honor the painting.

ONCE when I visited the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, I noted that Sallman's "Head of Christ" was prominently displayed and I asked a member of the staff how visiting churchmen rated it.

"It ranks with them right along with Hofmann's portraits," he answered.

Many critics believe Sallman's painting already has won a place among the great religious works of all time. It is lofty in concept and realization, yet there is an earthiness about it that inspires the run-of-mine people of all races and positions to acts of kindness, decency and good will.

During World War II, a GI of Japanese-American ancestry found, after he was aboard a train in North Dakota, that he had lost his ticket. As the youth pulled out his billfold, the conductor saw it carried the "Head of Christ" picture.

"I'll take your word for it that you lost your ticket, son," he said. "We'll let that picture be your passport."

Sallman's portrait of Christ has brought to Durant, Oklahoma, the unique distinction of being called "The City-of-the-Christ-Picture" by the Chief of the Choctaw Nation. It came about when Miss Ora O'Riley, a part-Indian girl, thought there might be a better decoration for the courtroom wall than the picture of a bathing beauty.

"Why not a picture of Christ to inspire justice and mercy?" she asked the district judge.

"A good idea," he agreed. "You supply it and we'll hang it."

The very energetic Miss O'Riley secured a print of the "Head of Christ," got Sallman to autograph it, and gave it to the judge.

When he showed it to the Bryan County Bar Association, the attorneys formally requested that it hang in the courtroom as a reminder of the spiritual basis of man-made law and order.

The public response was electric. Durant was swept by a picture-of-Christ campaign. Homes, offices, and stores responded. And soon looking out over desks in the Municipal Court, the City Hall, Fire Department, and the Chamber of Commerce was the likeness of the Son of Man.

So goes the strange and exciting career of a picture that was born in a dream. But Sallman—big, blond, 63, and father of three sons—goes his quiet way. Pleased but unspoiled by the incredible success of his work, he gives the glory to God. Perhaps an incident in 1917, the first year of his married life, is the key to his genius. A doctor had told him that tuberculosis infected the glands of his neck and that he had but three months to live.

"Let's pray about it, Warner," his wife Ruth said quietly when he broke the news, "and let the Lord have His way."

They prayed, then serenely went about their tasks—not only painting, but also taking the sick to hospitals, calling on the aged and forlorn, giving advice to aspiring artists, and testifying for Christ in churches and missions.

It is a visitation ministry which they continue to this day.

Illustration by Jack White

the Torn Invitation

By Norman Katkov

AT fifteen, in the spring of his phomore year at Hamilton High chool, Harry Wojick was as big as college senior, a long, thin, big-oned left-hander, who could anchor a leg in first base and stretch halfway to right field for a bad throw from his shortstop.

Now, in the waning, daylight, he turned into Glover Street toward his home, his arms swinging as he moved. He passed the four-family flat in the middle of the block. He passed the empty lot and beyond it the condemned building with all the

windows long since broken, and then he turned into the cement walk which ran the length of his house.

The windows were raised in the kitchen and he smelled the roast. He smelled the asparagus for the roast and the fried potatoes with onions that nobody made like Ma, and he was suddenly terribly hungry after the three hours of baseball practice.

WHEN he came into the kitchen, Theresa Wojick turned from the stove, smiling at her son, rubbing her hands on her apron as she walked to meet him. She held him at the elbows, examining him carefully, her face warm and her eyes gentle, welcoming him as though he had returned from a long and perilous journey. She was a tall woman with large, capable hands and black, unkempt hair shot through with gray. She held Harry and she said, "Hello, my little son. Will you eat supper?" joking with him as always.

He put his cheek to hers, noticing again the redness of her chapped hands. She could try to do something about it, he said to himself as she released him, remembering the mothers of his teammates who lived above the flats on Livingston Drive and Harding Boulevard and scattered through Maple Heights. They were mothers with manicures and they were thin—and their hair was always set just right.

Harry went to the sink to wash and, turning, saw the table set for three. He thought for an instant that his father was home, that Peter Wojick had not gone to his night-watchman's job in the office building downtown. But he saw the hooks on the wall near the door empty of cap and coat.

"For Frankie Thomas," his mother whispered, looking at her son. "His mother is gone again till half the night, and leaves cold cuts. Boy like Frankie to eat cold cuts," she whispered. "You call him, Harry."

"Why can't she learn to speak English?" he asked himself savagely, turning away. "She's been here long enough."

Harry walked through the short hall and stood under the arch which led into the living-room. He saw the frail, black-haired boy with whom he had grown up, sitting in the chair under the lamp. "Hey, Frankie," he said, "Come and eat."

He pulled the chair out and held it suspended off the clean, bare floor, his fingers tightening on the wood. There, next to his plate, was the white, square envelope, and atop it, covered by a transparent sheet of thin paper, was the invitation.

Harry looked at his mother, who had her back to him, busy at the stove. He heard Frankie coming through the house and knew it was Frankie's work, *knew* it. He moved the chair at last and sat down and, without touching it, his hands holding his knees, he read the invitation from the faculty of Hamilton High School to an open house in honor of all the students' mothers.

It was for tomorrow.

Harry knew *that,* all right, had known it for ten days and had kept it secret. He looked up from the announcement as Frankie sat down across the table.

Harry's mother was sitting between them, and as she handed her son the roast she said, "I asked Frankie maybe he has this invitation, Harry. I heard by Celusik, the grocery man, about this open house. Must be open house for junior, senior mothers." Frankie had skipped a grade.

Harry was busy with the roast. "It's for everyone," he said, watching the roast. "Didn't you get one, Ma?" and he looked across at Frankie. He handed the platter to Frankie and turned to his mother. "They mailed them out," Harry said, remembering now that morning when he had waited for the postman on the corner, taken the envelopes from him, searched for the square, white one, and had torn it, scattering the pieces in the empty lot before running home and dropping the rest of the mail in the black metal box beside the door.

"Maybe they make a mistake," his mother said.

She reached for a thick slice of the rye bread she baked herself and held it flat in her left hand. She buttered it completely and thickly and brought it to her mouth, taking a large bite, and Harry wanted to leave the table and this house. He remembered the homes on Maple Heights to which he had been invited, where they called it dinner and ate in a dining-room with tablecloths; where George Sidley's mother sat at one end of the table and broke her bread piece by piece, buttering it lightly and eating slowly.

"Frankie's Ma got this invitation," Theresa Wojick said, nodding at their guest, who lived with his divorced mother in one of the upstairs apartments of the four-family flat. "How long she got the open house, Frankie?"

"Mother had it," Frankie said. "She—we didn't talk about it."

She turned to Harry, smiling at her son. "You eat, Harry. Big ball-player must eat good," she said.

Harry ate. The three sat in silence.

Later, while Theresa Wojick set out the dessert plates, Frankie said, "How's practice going, Harry?"

"All right, I guess." He wanted this supper finished.

Theresa Wojick filled the dessert plates with pudding. As she sat down she said to Frankie, "Your Ma goes to this open house?"

"I don't know," he answered. "She—well you know, she's pretty busy. One of my aunts is sick and I think she's going to be with her for a few days. She packed her suitcase when she left today."

"Ma," Harry said.

She set her coffee cup down.

"I wanted to tell you, Ma," he said. "I meant to tell you about it and then I forgot, I guess."

"Easy to forget," she said.

"It wouldn't make any difference, anyway, Ma," Harry lied. "We've got that game with Central next week and the coach is worried. He's been working us hard all week. He's got a game for tomorrow. You know, he picks two teams from the squad and we play each other."

I'VE got to go," Frankie said. "Thanks very much for supper, Mrs. Wojick."

"You're welcome, Frankie. Here"—she reached across the table—"here is the invitation, Frankie," and she offered it to him.

"Thanks." And he was gone.

"I won't be finished with the game until about six o'clock, Ma," Harry said.

She nodded. Harry watched her walking to the sink. "Do you want

he to miss practice, Ma?" he asked. She had her back to him.

"We'll go next year, Ma. I'll be regular on the team then. We can do next year," he said, but she didn't turn, nor move, nor did she answer him, and he left the kitchen quickly. He went out for a walk; his hands in his pockets. He tried to blame Frankie and couldn't and he tried to blame Theresa Wojick and couldn't. He was seldom a liar, but he just didn't want her there with George Sidley's mother and Eric Portland's mother.

When he came home he entered the house through the front door and moved through the living room in darkness, turning into the short corridor which led to his bedroom. He could see the cracks of light below the bathroom door and heard the water running; he wondered if there was ever a time in this house when the water *wasn't* running. He made it to his bedroom and undressed in the darkness, dropping his clothes on the floor and crawling into the turned-down bed.

The first thing he noticed as soon as he opened his eyes in the morning was his clothes, arranged neatly on the chair beside the bed, the shoes together on the floor and clean socks draped across his shoes. He dressed quickly.

The kitchen was deserted. He saw his cornflakes and the orange juice and the milk before his chair, but he stood behind it, gulping the juice. As he set the empty glass on the table, his mother came in from the rear porch.

"You didn't eat, Harry," she said.

"I'm late, Ma. I've got a test this morning. I've got to study for the test." He wanted to be out of here now as he turned from the table, saw that her hands were full.

She held the clean, freshly dried sweatshirt and the two pairs of wool socks, and he knew now why the water had been running in the bathroom last night. "For your game today, Harry," she said. "You bring me tonight your dirty stuff." And she reached for the folded newspaper on the cabinet.

Harry watched her wrap the bundle and he wanted to kiss her, suddenly. He wanted to put his arms around her and hold her as she tied the bundle carefully with the string she always saved. But he only took the package from her and said thanks, and left.

All the way up to school he promised he'd make it up to her. He'd start tonight. He'd sit in the kitchen with Ma; she liked him there studying while she worked. He'd take her for a walk Sunday.

He came into school on the Livingston Drive side. His locker was on the first floor. He put the package inside, took his books, and slammed the locker shut. The bell sounded for first hour and Harry went upstairs to his English class.

The tardy bell sounded, and Harry saw Miss Liggett look up from the desk. He wasn't called on during the hour, and afterward, on his way to study hall, he waved to George Sidley, who played third base, and to Bernie Cremmens, the right fielder. They were both wearing sports jackets and regular shirts, and they wore ties. Harry looked down at his sweater worn over the scivvy shirt. His corduroys were clean, but they were corduroys, and around him, in the study hall, was a sea of gray flannels.

There was only one lunch period today because they had to get the cafeteria ready for the open house. Harry bought a sandwich and a glass of milk. Then moving away from the cashier's cage, he saw that half the guys on the team, sitting at the table they shared every day, were dressed up, too. He sat down in a far corner with two guys he didn't know, ate quickly, and left by the side door so he wouldn't have to pass Sidley and Cremmens and the others.

He went to his locker for his afternoon books. He had only a French class left, because, for today, school was over after fifth period hour.

The bell sounded at last and Harry hurried to his locker. He saw the cafeteria cleared of tables, the floor bare and chairs lining the walls. He saw the huge coffeepots steaming, and then he got his package out and threw his books into the locker and slammed it.

He was half running for the door when George Sidley stopped him: "Hey, where you headed for?"

Harry stared at him. "Headed for?" he asked. "Where do you think I'm headed for? Aren't you going to practice?"

"Not me." George grinned. "Coach said anybody who wanted to could be excused. Isn't your mother coming?"

"She had to go downtown." Harry said. "Well, hang around anyway. Lots of fun."

Harry shook his head. He swung his left arm. "It feels like it's stiffening up," he said. "Guess I'll work out. See you."

He walked down Livingston Drive toward the baseball field. He crossed the playing area, moving toward the Quonset hut that served as dressing-room for the team. There was nobody inside but Art Hughes, the student manager.

Harry sat down on the bench before the lockers and unwrapped the package. He pulled his sweater off and he was in his pants and scivvy shirt, standing in his socks on the cement floor when Oscar Anderson walked in. In a few minutes they were joined by Chuck Kellerman, the shortstop, and Mr. Quint, who taught chemistry and was assistant baseball coach.

Mr. Quint came over to the bench.

"Look, you fellows; my wife's outside in the car. It seems there are only three of you here. You won't mind if I go back to school, will you?

"Go ahead, Mr. Quint," Chuck said.

"I don't want to run out on you,"

READER'S CHOICE

What magazine article or short story do you remember well—and would like to pass on to others if only you could get a copy? Tell us what it is and if it's reprinted as "Reader's Choice" a $25 check soon will be in the mail addressed to you.

This Norman Katkov story first appeared in *The American Magazine*, May 1952, and was copyright by Crowell Publishing Co.—Eds.

Mr. Quint said. "It's just—well, with only three of you here. There doesn't seem to be much we would do."

"Can I get a ride back?" Art Hughes said. "You guys can check out your own uniforms today."

"Come ahead, Art," Mr. Quint said and they left together.

WHEN they were gone, Chuck Kellerman slammed his baseball cap down on the cement floor. "All the way over here for nothing," he said.

He looked at Oscar Anderson.

"How about you?" he asked. "Aren't you going to Mama's Day and eat cookies?"

"Listen; I've got six brothers and sisters and I'm the baby," Oscar said. "My mother's tired of this stuff. I'm going home and get the grass cut and then I got Saturday for myself, to do what I want."

"How about you, Harry?" Chuck asked.

"How about *you,* wise guy?" Harry said, beginning to tie his shoelaces.

Chuck got up from the bench and reached for a bat. "My mother is dead," he said, and he swung the bat desperately, as though he were hitting a line drive.

"Will you lock up, Harry?" Oscar asked.

Harry saw his mother in the kitchen and he reached for his sweater.

"Will you, Harry?"

Remembered the light under the bathroom door and the sound of water as she washed the sweatshirt and the socks.

"HARRY!"

"It isn't too late, yet," Harry said. He had his sweater on.

"Are you nuts?" Oscar asked.

He'd call her. He'd use the phone in the principal's office. "See you tomorrow," he said, and he ran out of the Quonset hut. Far off, walking in left center field, Harry saw Chuck Kellerman, and then he began to run.

He could call her, he thought as he ran, and she could even take a taxi. Just this once a taxi: Pa wouldn't care. Harry knew that. She could get dressed in her gray dress and be up there in half an hour, and he was suddenly breathless with anticipation. He'd wait out in front of the school, on Hamilton Avenue, and help her from the cab and hold her arm and lead her up the curving walk to the front door. He didn't care about the bread any more, or how she talked. She was his Ma.

The principal's door was open. Harry picked up the phone and dialed his home number. He waited.

There was no answer.

Aloud he said, "Wrong number," but felt the first, tiny stabs of alarm in his chest. He dialed again. There was no answer.

He felt the ache in his chest now, and his hands were wet. "Maybe Ma is sick or something," he thought, and he knew who had to take the blame. Now he remembered his Ma helping him with fractions when he was at Crowley School. He remembered her at graduation, Ma and Pa sitting alone in the back row, and after he had his diploma, when the other guys were bringing their parents up to the front of the auditorium, he had led them out to the hall and home immediately. He remembered her walking over to the skating rink on Inverness Street, standing in a corner beside the fence to watch him skate under the floodlights, careful not to be seen, but he had seen her all right. Seen her and kept away from that corner until she turned for home.

It seemed to him now, alone in the principal's office, that he had been hiding his Ma all his life, and he was sick inside then, with a physical distaste in his mouth. He grimaced with self-hatred, wanting, somehow, to feel a sharper pain, to hurt himself deliberately; and he left the office and almost ran into Mr. Quint heading for the cafeteria.

"Hello, Harry," Mr. Quint said. "I thought you were practicing."

"I guess not, sir."

Mr. Quint took Harry's arm. "Let's get some cookies, Harry."

"What's the difference?" Harry thought. "What difference does it make now?" And then they were in the cafeteria, in the midst of mothers and daughters and sons and teachers, and Mr. Quint was pulling him through the mob.

But they got separated and Harry was alone. He wanted to get out now, away from all the laughter and gaiety. He saw Miss Formanek, the French teacher. He saw her wave at him, her finger curved, beckoning him. He saw Frankie Thomas standing beside her and the woman between them. He was moving sideways, pushing through the people, and he looked up for Miss Formanek again, and then felt his heart stop. He rubbed his hands up and down against the corduroys and looked at his Ma.

"I was telling your mother how you were watching for her, Harry. You have a devoted son, Mrs. Wojick," the French teacher said.

Harry saw his Ma smile and nod. She was beautiful.

Frankie was wearing a jacket and a tie. How come *he* was dressed up?

"And you're pinch-hitting for Frankie's mother, too," Miss Formanek said. "Frankie was my best student, Mrs. Wojick."

"Frankie's a good boy," Theresa Wojick said.

"They're all good boys," Miss Formanek said.

"Ma," Harry said. He had to tell her.

SHE had her hand in Frankie's arm. She was smiling, and her hair was pulled back neat, and she was the loveliest woman he had ever seen. "Ma, I tore up up the invitation," he said and he looked right at her.

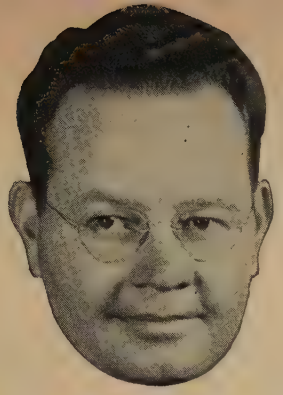
"I know," she said. "But Frankie has an invitation. We are two orphans; mother without a son, and son without a mother."

"I'm your son, Ma," Harry said, and saw Frankie slipping away, but his mother held the black-haired boy. "Ma, I'm your son."

She was wearing white gloves and she looked right at him, and he was more afraid than he had ever been in his life.

"Ma." He held her elbows as she had his and he didn't drop his eyes. He said, "Please, Ma, let's get something to eat. There's my coach there. I want to introduce you to my coach."

"Yes," she said, and she smiled at him then, and for him. "Yes," she said, and put one hand through his arm and the other through Frankie's. "Introduce, please, to this coach, my little son."



Teens Together

WITH AN EX-TEENAGER

Dick"
ichmond
arbour, Ph.D.

Q *I AM a girl. Next month I'll be 8. How can I tell whether I'm truly in love with my boy-friend? He 20. My father tells me I'm not old enough to be serious. He calls my feelings puppy love. When he says that feel angry and awful. I really need to know. Is it love?—E. B.*

A REAL LOVE or puppy love? It's hard to say. At first they have the same symptoms—the same day-dreams and the same joy in companionship. You even feel the same urge to do reckless things. But prayer will help you understand yourself. Pray for insight.

We who counsel young people always urge them to wait a while. Then you can tell better whether it's temporary infatuation or the real thing. Wait until the first emotional rampage is over. Wait until the novelty of being together has passed.

Ask yourself such questions as these: Is he a clean Christian young man? Is he kindly, patient, considerate? Is he intelligent? Responsible? Does he have a stable personality? Can he earn a reasonably good living? In other words is he the sort of person you need to have for a *lifelong* partner? If so, your affection probably will continue. It may grow into what we call real love. If not, the wise thing to do is to stop seeing each other. Puppy love dies quickly.

I have two urgent suggestions for all young people growing up in good Methodist families. The first is to pick your dates carefully. In your early teens your judgment *may* be wobbly. Don't trust yourself too much. Don't let yourself run the risk of "falling" for the wrong person. Try not to go out with anyone who is unsuitable. And remember, religion matters a great deal. If differences seem unimportant now, remember that they will be *very* important later. It's best to have dates with someone in your own church gang. If you can't do that, try to go with others who are Protestants. My suggestion isn't intolerance. It is based on a sincere desire to give you the best possible chance for a life of happiness and service.

Another suggestion: *act slowly.* Probably you will be infatuated several times before the right person comes along. While infatuated, be courageous. Withstand temptation. God will give you strength. Wait, and be sure it is *real* love before you marry. A good many high-school youngsters are marrying these days. Many marry impulsively and soon regret what they have done. You'll live a long time. Don't jeopardize your life by a hasty marriage!

Q *I AM discouraged about work. I am a teen-age boy. I can't find a job. There seem to be few opportunities for kids to earn money. Dr. Barbour, what can we do about it?—R. L.*

A HERE'S one suggestion. All towns have parks. Most parks have undeveloped areas or hidden rubbish piles which need cleaning up. Responsible high-school boys might be employed on week-ends or during summer vacations to do this sort of work. When I investigated I found one town already doing this. The people there say it works.

Think up a good plan—then take it to your mayor. Have some friends go with you. Be sure to phone ahead for an appointment. Then tell the mayor what you want. Ask him to have the City Attorney's office check the legality of your proposal. Suggest that the city fathers discuss it.

It's an idea for you, R. L. Try it—then let me know how it works out.

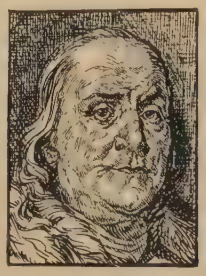
Q *I AM a good girl. I love my parents and they love me. We have a fine Christian home. But we quarrel about the deadlines they set for me to get home after club meetings, dates, and parties. They tell me I am unreasonable. I tell them that they are. How can we avoid the arguments? I am 15.—L. M.*

A IF ALL of you try to be considerate you can work out a formula that will prevent trouble. Set different deadlines for different affairs. Set them according to the expected closing time of the affair you are attending. If it is an MYF committee meeting on a week-night, you should be expected home much earlier than after a Friday night football rally. Estimate the time the affair will end. Usually you can be quite accurate. If it is a show date, add half to three-quarters of an hour for a hamburger or a malt. Add the travel time to your home. Finally, add a few minutes for goodnights, and you have your deadline. On midweek meeting nights, travel time should be about all you need. Don't take time for a malt on Tuesday night if you've a test coming up Wednesday. Hurry home and study.

Sometimes emergencies will arise. You'll be detained unavoidably. When that happens, phone your

A Prayer

to make your own



Written by Benjamin Franklin, 1706—1790

O Powerful Goodness!
Bountiful Father!
Merciful Guide!
Increase in me that wisdom
which discovers my truest
interests; strengthen my
resolution to perform what
that wisdom dictates.

Accept
my kind offices
to Thy other children
as the only return
in my power for
Thy continual favors
to me.

Amen.

folks and tell them about it. Don't make them wait anxiously past the time they expected you. That would be cruel. Remember, they do worry about you.

Q *I AM a tall and skinny girl of 13. I want to wear some camouflage curves, but mother won't let me. Is she right? I put some make-up on last Sunday. My Sunday-school teacher was nice, but she said it was in bad taste. Was it? Some girls my age use make-up.*

My other trouble is clothes. Mother makes everything I wear. I have had only one store dress in my life and I bought it with money I earned.

Why can't I have nice dresses like other girls?—V. J.

A THE WHOLE world is not against you. You're just pushing it too hard—trying to grow up a little too fast. A great many girls make the same mistake. Your mother is right about the camouflage curves, and your teacher about the make-up. Good taste calls for you to wait a while. Many girls are beautifully clothed in dresses sewn by their mothers. Why not help by picking out patterns you like? Or, if you can earn the money, there's no reason why you shouldn't buy your own dresses. Good luck!

Q *I AM a senior in high school and get pretty good grades. If I want to I can go to work after I graduate next June. Dad tells me I got to go to college. He says a college education pays financially. Is he right?—R. S.*

A COLLEGE does pay in many ways. Financially, it *is* a good investment. The average lifetime earnings of college graduates total about $268,000. The average lifetime earnings of high-school graduates total about $165,000. At least a part of the difference comes from education. All young people who have the ability and the opportunity should go to college.

Q *MY LITTLE brother is a Dennis the Menace. He's four and I am 13—but he drives me almost crazy. Ever since he was tiny I have done quite a bit of the work of taking care of him. Believe me, Dr. Barbour, it is work! My mother tells me I cannot spank him. Now he is getting so he won't mind me. He even tries to hurt me. I really love the little demon. But I can hardly stand him. Am I worse than most girls for feeling this way?—M. T.*

A NO. IN EVERY family where there are children, there is a certain amount of bickering. That is especially true wherever an older sister has the responsiblity for caring for a younger brother. The fighting isn't good, but it happens. Anyway, ask your folks to relieve you of some of the responsibility of caring for your brother. Try not to spend so much time with him. Then you'll have chances to do pleasant things with him when you are together. Four-year-olds like to be read to. They love jaunts to the zoo or the park. They like walks. They enjoy playgrounds. Try not to be too bossy. Try to do things he enjoys.

Note to teen-agers: Since Dr. Barbour got his Ph.D. at Yale, he has been counseling young people in the public schools at San Diego, California. Now he also writes a column syndicated in newspapers, coast to coast. Write him in care of TOGETHER, if you have questions. From those you send he will select ones of general interest to answer.—EDS.

Mama's First Vote

by Constance Foster

MAMA is over 80 now but she still goes to the polls on Election Day to cast her ballot. She is not impressed by the women who stay home and say they're satisfied to have their men represent them in the voting booth. Mama tried that once. She knows how it works.

It happened the year that James G. Blaine, "plumed knight" of the Republican Party, ran for president and lost to Grover Cleveland. An obscure gentleman from Kansas named St. Johns was the candidate of the Prohibition Party. I know because Mama has often told me about it, her old blue eyes flashing cold steel as they must have that November night in 1884 when Papa came from the polls and explained what had happened to Mama's vote.

She was a very young bride of only sixteen then. But like other pioneer women of those days she had strong convictions and a mind of her own. At sixteen a girl who had been brought up on a farm was not a bobby soxer or a teenager. She was a woman. And on the ruched black taffeta dress with facings of satin overlaid with jet passementeria, Mama proudly wore the white ribbon of the WCTU.

Papa was known as the "boy preacher of Ohio" in those days. At only twenty-one he was already a powerful and impassioned speaker. He was also a handsome and devoted bridegroom. This was not only the first national election after their marriage but also his own first chance to vote after attaining his legal majority. He wanted to do something very special about that first vote.

"I'll cast my ballot for you today," he offered gallantly at the breakfast table. "Since you can't vote, being a woman, I'll vote *for* you. Which shall it be, my pet—Blaine or Cleveland?"

Mama fingered the white satin ribbon on her slim young breast. She was surprised at how little a man knew a woman after being married to her six whole months! But she wasted no time setting him straight.

"Now Charles you should know that with my convictions I would vote for neither Mr. Blaine nor Mr. Cleveland. I would cast my ballot, if I could, for Mr. St. Johns, the Prohibition candidate."

Papa looked a little dubious.

"Your principles are excellent," he agreed. "But I'm afraid that what it amounts to is simply throwing a vote away. He will never be elected."

Mama poured a second cup of coffee.

"Well, you asked me," she said firmly. "I'm just telling you what *I* would do if we women could vote."

He kissed her and clapped on his high black silk hat which he wore on important occasions such as this one.

"St. Johns it shall be then, my love," he assured her magnanimously as he left the house for the polls.

It was late when he returned home again and dark had fallen. Mama had dinner ready. She slipped off her apron and straightened her pompadour at the mirror over the hatrack in the hall where Papa had just hung his hat. In the glass she could see him glancing at her uncomfortably. She could see the white temperance badge on her shoulder, too.

Papa cleared his throat when she asked him sweetly if he had voted for Mr. St. Johns. She waited. He seemed to have a frog in his throat.

"Well, you see, it was this way," he finally managed to stammer. "I left the house this morning with every intention in the world of casting my vote for you. But then I stopped for a moment to listen to a man who was stumping for Blaine. I wish you could have heard him for he was a most persuasive orator. In ringing tones he held his audience in the palm of his hand and managed to persuade us of our high duty to our country."

"So you voted for Blaine?" The blue eyes were flashing.

"Yes," Papa admitted lamely. "I didn't want to throw my first vote away. You'll be glad, too, when the returns reach us and we learn that Mr. Blaine has been elected.

Mama was awfully glad that Cleveland was elected! Papa lost his vote anyway. She was very young in those days but she learned something that still sends her to the polls seventy-two years and nineteen presidential elections later.

Mama says that no matter how much he loves you, a man can't speak for a woman in the voting booth. He's too busy speaking for himself!

John and Mary Parsons go to the Conference at Minneapolis

Pictorial Feature

JOHN AND MARY (Cont.)

PICTORIAL FEATURE

Sports-Recreation Feature

getting along Together

Two boys sat at a Rapid City drugstore soda fountain. One boy had a quarter and gloated as his companion, who had but a nickel, sipped a Coke. Presently a waitress tapped the latter boy on his shoulder.

"Young man," she said, "are you in luck! You're our hundredth customer today. That means you get a *double* hamburger on the house!"

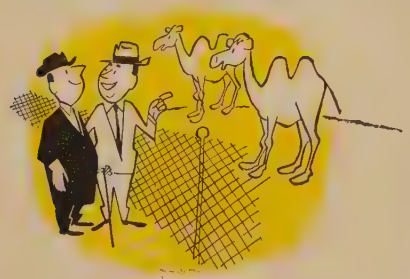
After the boys left, my informant saw the waitress reach in her pocket, then ring up on the cash register a 25-cent sale.

WARREN MORRELL
Rapid City, South Dakota

This column is for true tales of little deeds that illuminate the art of living. Let's have yours. If it's used, you'll soon receive a $5 check.—EDS.

The Wicked Flea

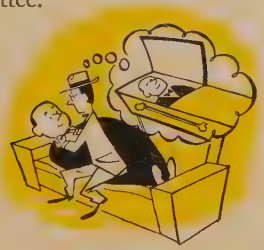
"Sour godliness is the devil's religion."—JOHN WESLEY



A leading layman once accompanied his preacher to the zoo. They looked at the monkeys, the kangaroo, the zebras, and finally they arrived at the enclosure where two camels were chewing their cuds.

"Queer looking creature, isn't it?" said the preacher.

"Sure is," answered the layman. "It looks like it was put together by a committee."



The late Bishop Ernest Lynn Waldorf used to delight to tell about the occasion when he was preparing for a dinner at a hotel in Chicago. He had been chairman of a meeting all day and was hurrying to get ready for the march to the speaker's hall where he was to preside again. Everything was in order except his bow tie. He couldn't get it tied.

He heard footsteps in the hall outside his hotel room. Going to the door, he noticed a man passing by.

"Pardon me, my friend," the big Waldorf voice boomed. "Will you do me the favor of helping me with my tie?"

The passer-by agreed, came into the room, and asked the bishop to stretch out on a sofa. In a jiffy the tie was neatly knotted.

"That's beautiful," Bishop Waldorf said as he surveyed the results in the full-length mirror. "But why did you have me lie down ?"

"Well—," said the man, "you see, I am an undertaker."

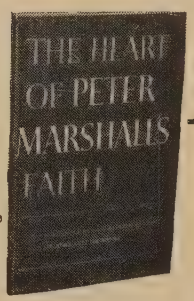
●

What's your favorite church-related chuckle? Send it in. If we share it through this column, we'll send you a $3 check.—EDS.

Looks at New Books

The HEART of PETER MARSHALL'S FAITH

Two Inspirational Messages by Peter Marshall from
MR. JONES, MEET THE MASTER



Here, in his own words, is the essence of Peter Marshall's preaching ministry. "The Grave in the Garden" is witness to his faith in life after death, and in "Keepers of the Springs," Dr. Marshall pays tribute to mothers as guardians of Christ's principles here on earth. Unforgettable to read, wonderful to give.
$1.00

WHEN The HEART IS HUNGRY

Christ's Parables for Today

CHARLES L. ALLEN

For a confused and suffering humanity, Charles L. Allen finds substantial spiritual nourishment in twenty-two of Christ's parables. Like the author's previous best sellers, *God's Psychiatry, Roads to Radiant Living,* etc., this is no scholarly treatise, but a heartening interpretation of the parables as "earthly stories with heavenly meanings," each filled with God's infinite compassion.
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The MIRACLE of the CROSS

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ROBERT R. BROWN

The story of Calvary told by an eyewitness—Longinus, the centurion in charge of the Roman soldiers who put Him to death. *The Miracle of the Cross* is not fiction, but Scripture-based devotional material, filled with the inspiration of a deathless Christ and a questing humanity—a book as lovely as the Easter season.
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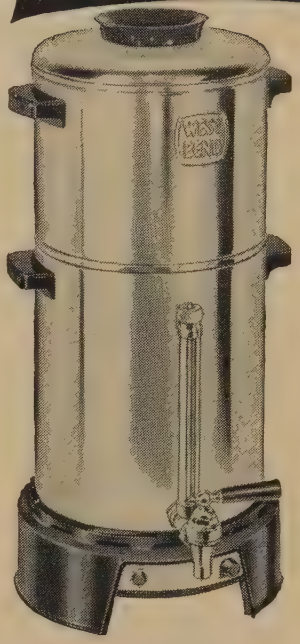

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Before I Die—I Must See

Carcassonne

By GUSTAVE NEDAUD

Translated from the French by John R. Thompson

I'm growing old, I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain.
In all that time of hopes and fears,
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none;
My prayer would else fulfilment know—
Never have I seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill
It lies beyond the mountains blue;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return, as many more.
Had but the vintage plenteous grown—
But, ah! the grape withheld its store.
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

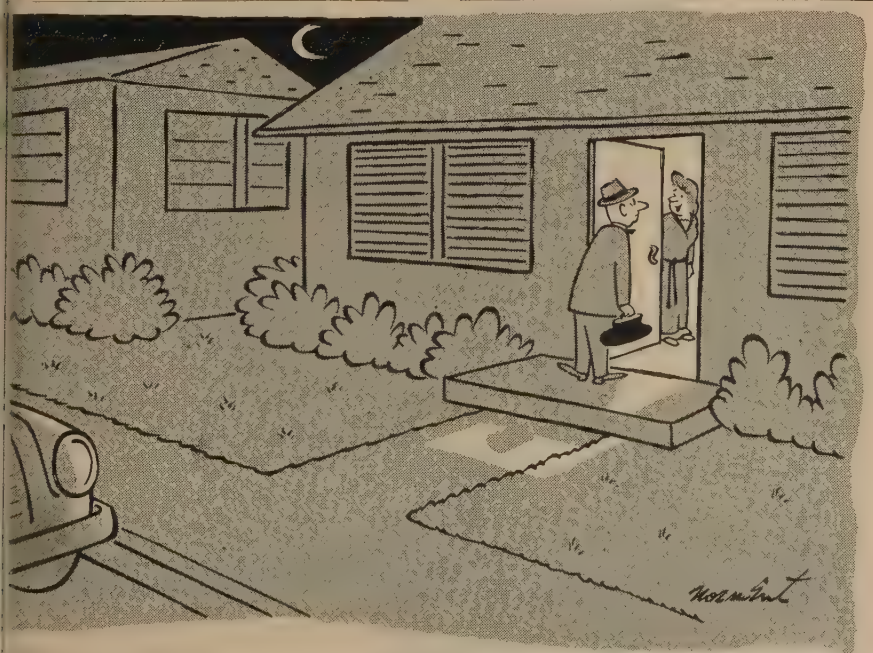
They tell me every day is there
Not more or less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon.
A bishop and two generals!
What joy to dwell in Carcassonne!

The vicar's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah, me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne.

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I offend;
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy, Aignan,
Have travelled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan;
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double-bent with age.
Rise up, my friend, said I; with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage.
We left next morning, his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him!) half-way on
The old man died upon the road.
He never gazed on Carcassonne.

Submitted by *Philip A. Danielson, Dundee, Illinois.*



WASN'T AS SERIOUS AS WE THOUGHT, DR. BENTLEY— FREDDIE
UST HAD A PIN IN HIS PAJAMAS."

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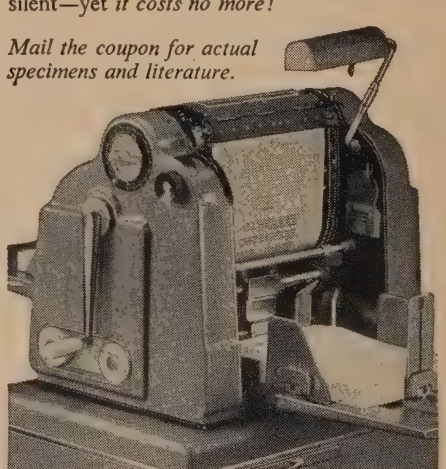

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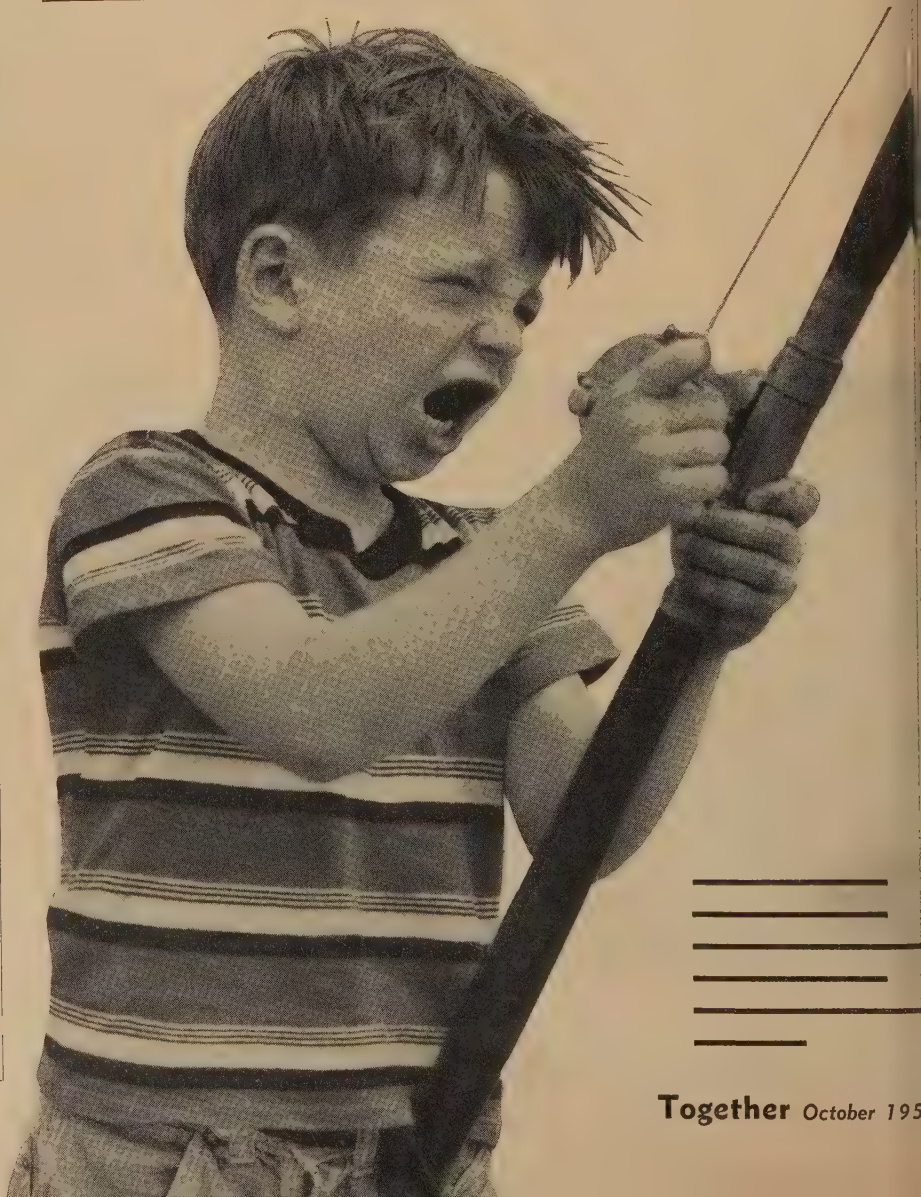

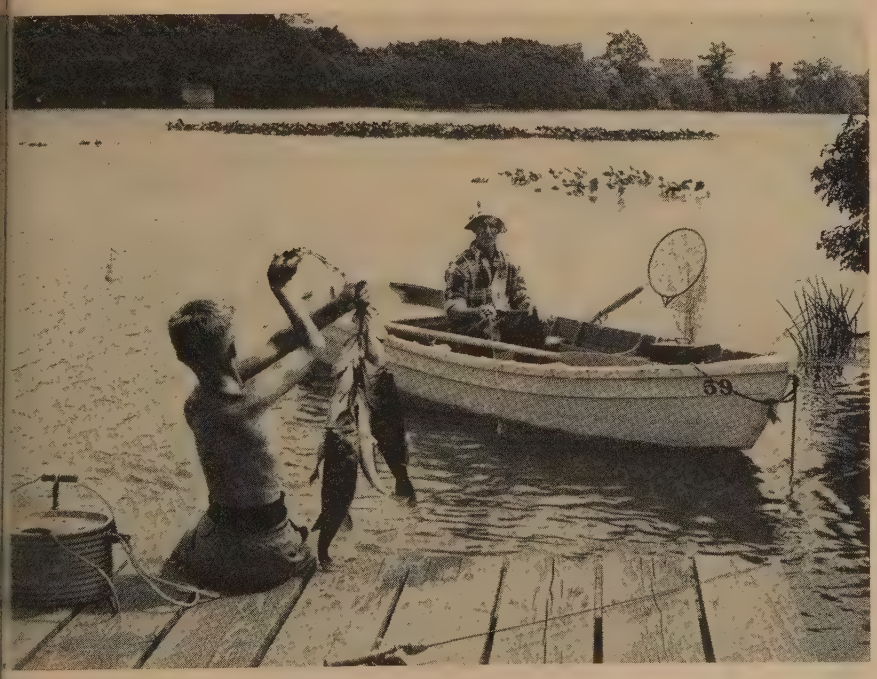

What's Your Hobby?

Would you—whether you are 8 or 80—like to trade stamps with a Methodist living 2,000 miles away? Or swap old coins? Or have a pen pal? Each month TOGETHER will present a list of hobby categories like those below. Under each we will run names and addresses so you can get in touch with like-minded hobbyists. If you would like to be listed in this directory, send your name, address and special interests.—EDS

Photographers:
Daniel G. Keysor, 478 Indianwood, Park Forest, Ill.

Coin Collectors:
Julie Herbertson, 412 Grant St., Wausau, Wis.

Stamp Collectors
Rev. W. T. Wickstrom, College of West Africa, Monrovia, Liberia

Home Workshoppers
Earl F. Atkinson, 604 Catherine Ave., LaGrange, Ill.

Pen Pals
Sandy Perrin, 1322 Allen St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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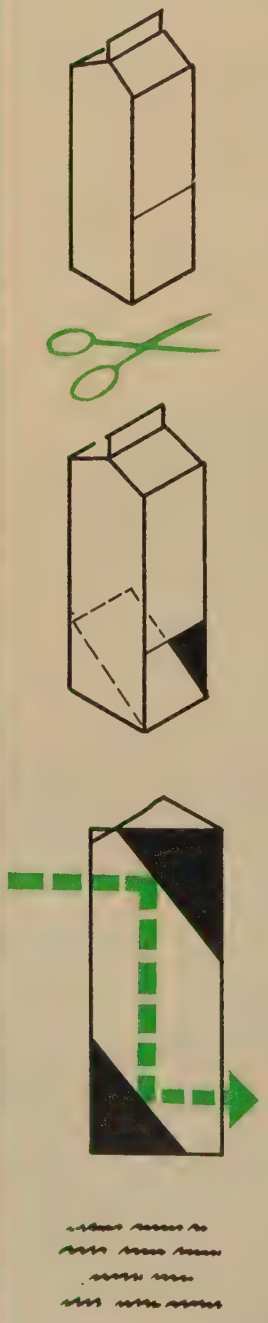

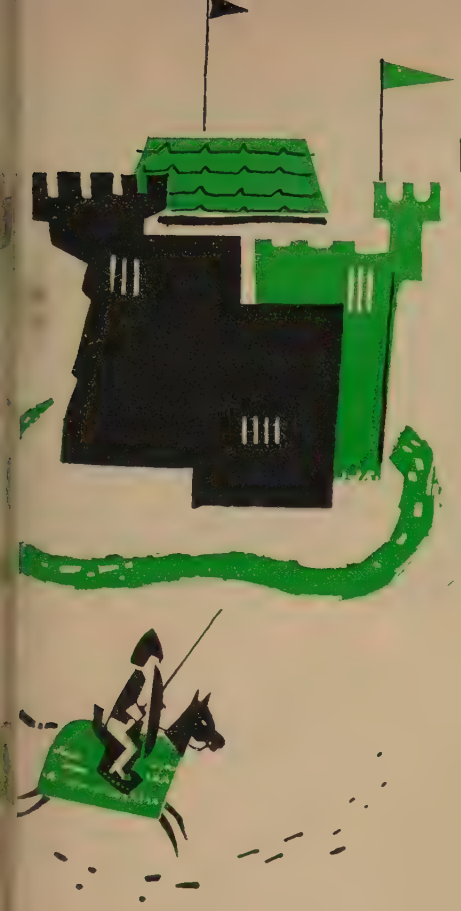

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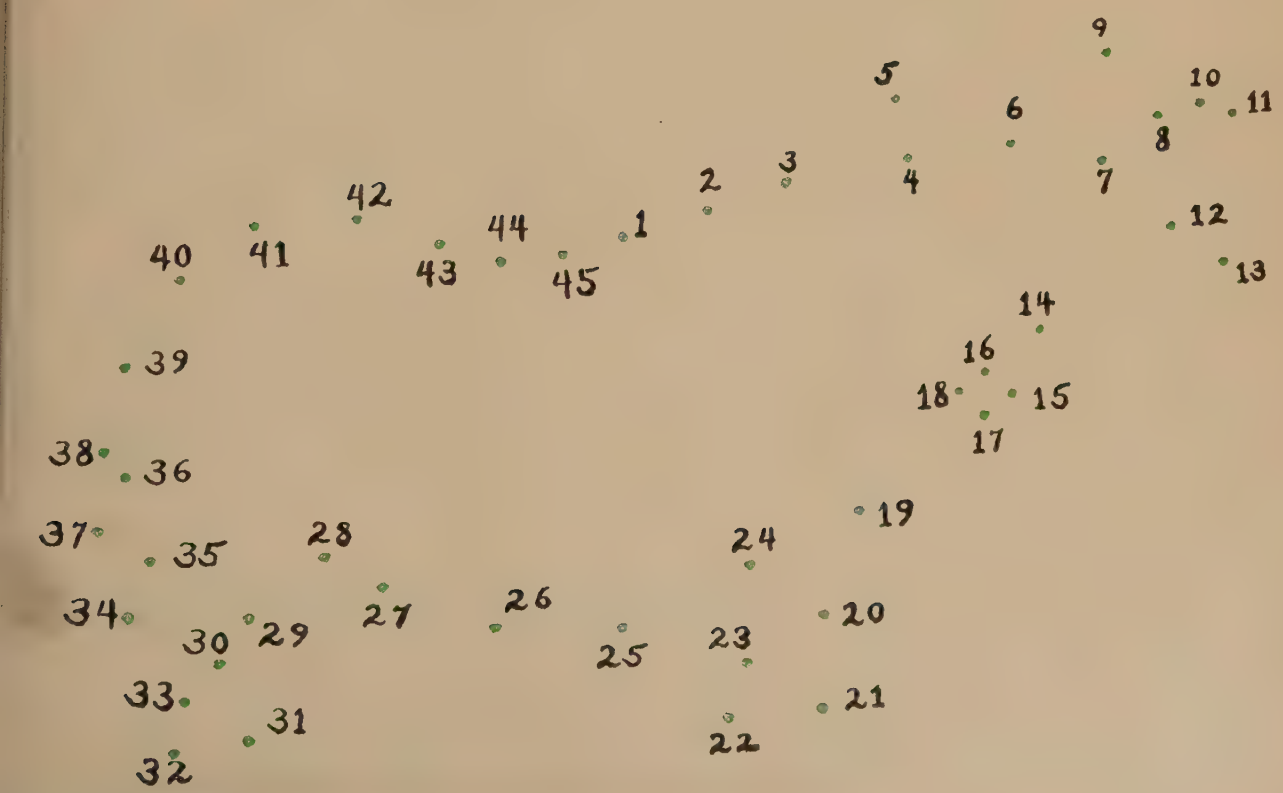

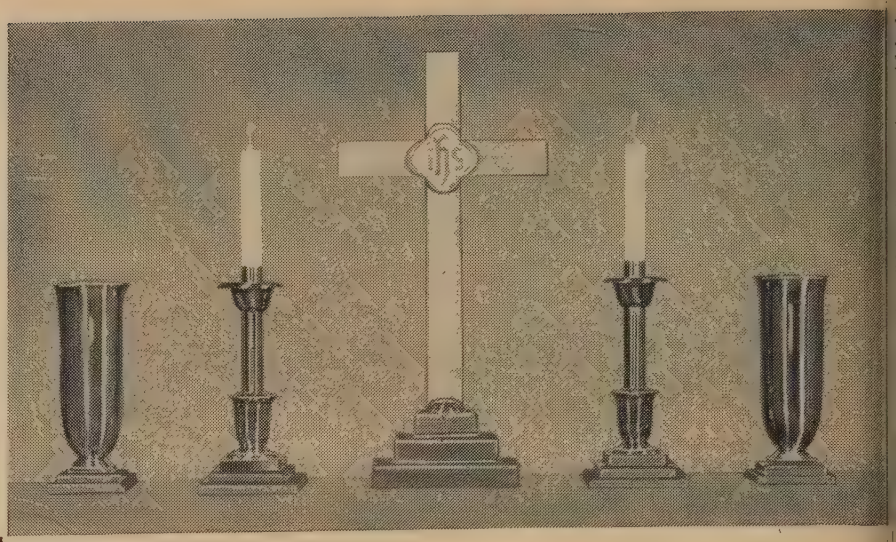

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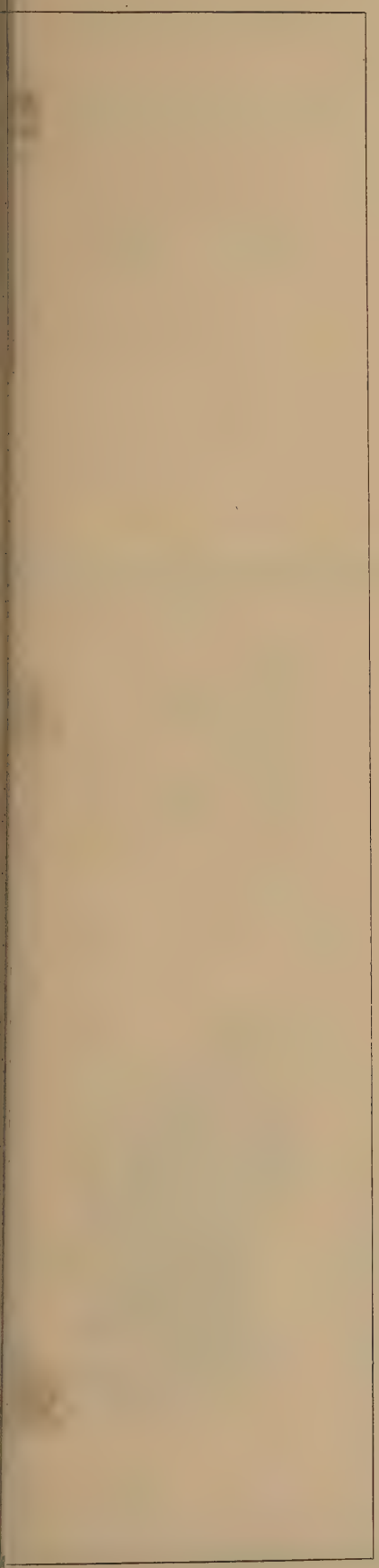

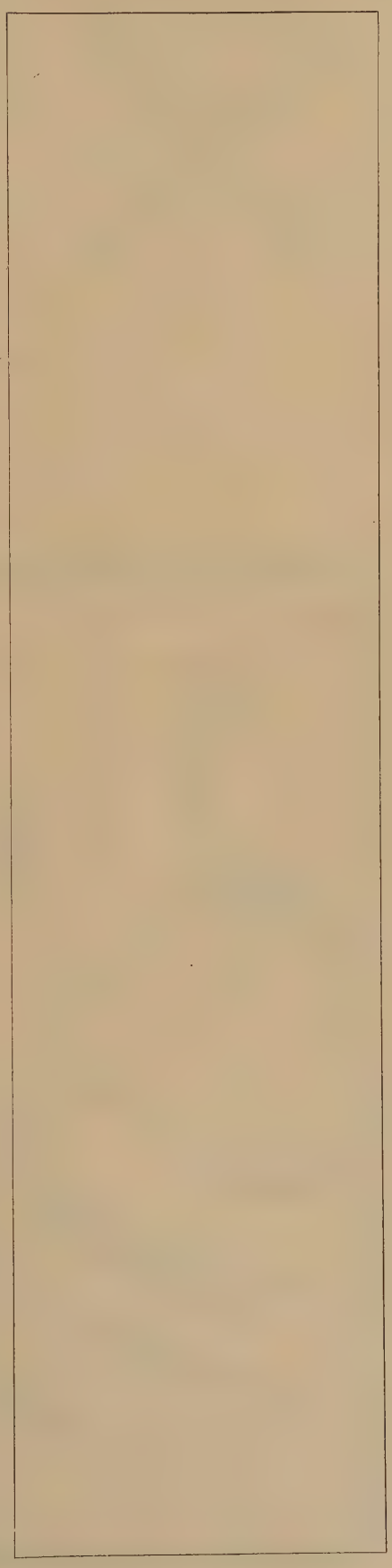

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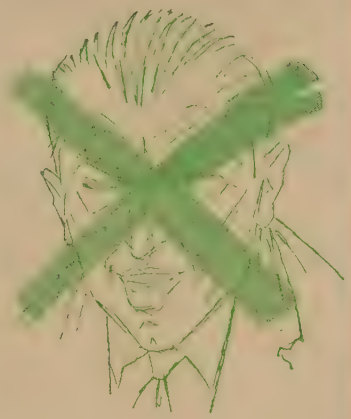

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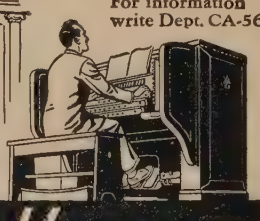

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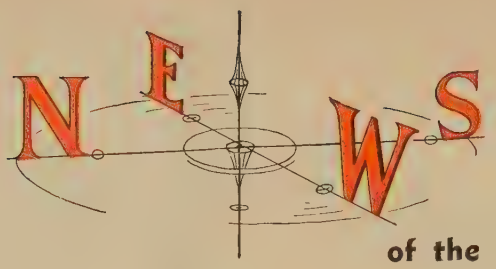

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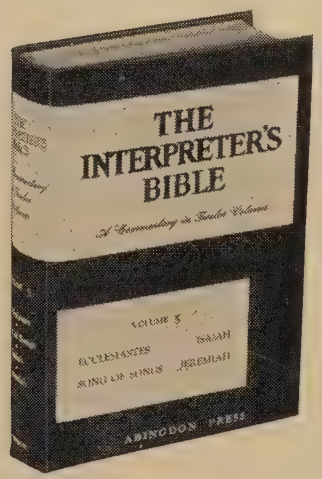

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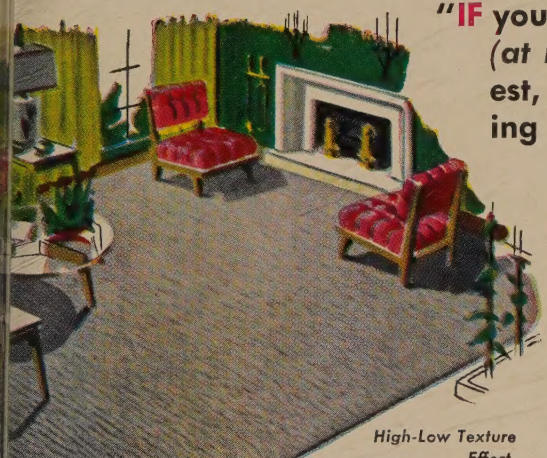

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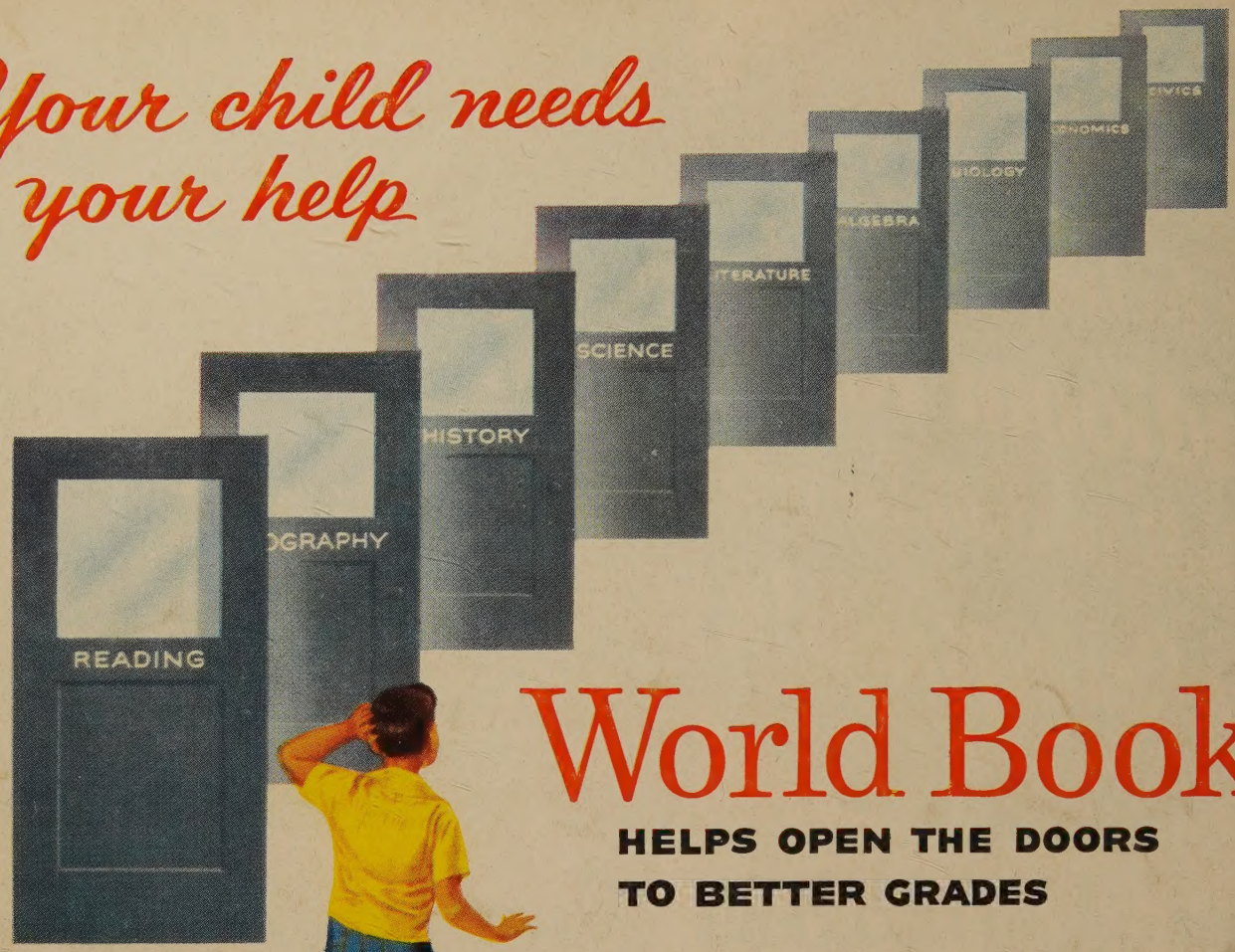

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